WITTENBERG

AND THE REFORMATION

Rev. G. E. SEHLBREDE

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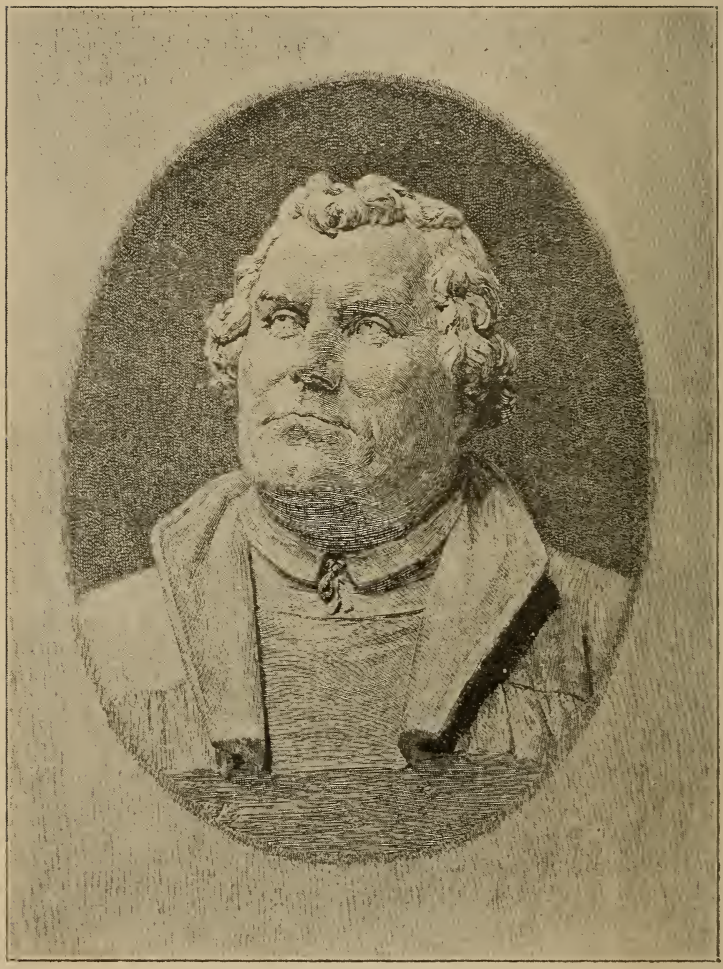

MARTIN LUTHER.

WITTENBERG

AND

ITS ASSOCIATION WITH THE REFORMATION OF GERMANY

By

REV. G. E. SEHLBREDE

Illustrated

INTRODUCTION BY

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE are some great men whose places are fixed in history. The passing of the centuries, though it has dimmed the outlines of their figures, has only increased the greatness of their fame. When the life and work of any man was connected with some great principle that is interwoven with the progress and the liberty of the race, his name cannot be forgotten as long as history repeats its testimony. Those men who were great in their personal characters, and who, in the providence of God were associated with revolutions that liberated men from the bonds of error, superstition and tyranny, are most sure of being remembered. As the generations follow each other, and men are further removed from the scenes and events, the names of the great leaders are still remembered, but their deeds and the results of their labors are told in a paragraph. The struggles through which they passed, the sufferings they endured, the growth of their heroic spirit of self-sacrifice, and all that creates a living interest in them as human beings with like passions as we, fall out of the world's knowledge. Therefore, there will always be the

need of biography. The very best way to understand the movements of a century is often to read the lives of the leaders in whom the thoughts and the purposes of the people seemed to crystalize until those leaders become the embodiment of the spirit of the age in which they lived. The children of each new generation ought to be encouraged to read the biographies of the great men of history. A better patriotism will be developed in our young men and young women when they understand the price that was paid by their fathers for the liberty which they enjoy. A stronger devotion to the truth will grow in those who know the precious lives that have been surrendered for the truth's sake. Protestant Christians need to remember the blood and fire through which the right to worship God according to the dictates of the private conscience was secured. In these days of ease and luxury, when spiritual things seem unreal, and a bland indifference to the time-honored creeds has settled down on men ; when to the minds of the majority there is nothing worth dying for ; when the spirit of compromise is regarded as wiser and better than the spirit of loyalty to convictions ; when, indeed, the spirit of the age belittles convictions themselves, there is need for men and women and the children whose characters are being formed, to turn back and read of those who, "Through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises,

stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

It is like a moral tonic to read of the dauntless courage that faltered not before the power of kings and emperors ; the faith that so trusted in God that it feared not the face of man ; the spirit that possessed the man who simply, proudly, yet humbly, could stand before the assembled powers of the world, temporal and ecclesiastical, and say, " Here I stand. I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen." This generation needs to read the life of Luther, and the life of Knox, and the life of Zwingli, and the life of Huss, and the lives of the Pilgrim fathers, and the lives of the missionaries who have, for Christ's sake and his Gospel, gone to the ends of the earth. Unless the children are brought face to face with the moral grandeur and the deathless courage of the world's heroes, great characters will cease from the world, until, in the providence of God, some crisis again arises that requires men to choose principle rather than comfort, and place spiritual realities above earthly riches, and be willing to die for the truth rather than to live in ease and error.

The writer of this little book has told, in simple and interesting way, of his visit to Wittemburg. He describes the historic houses that stand in the little town. He takes us through the rooms of

Luther's house and the College and the Church ; and as he lingers in each place gathers up in their order the events so fruitful in history that were associated with them. He makes the figure of Luther stand out in its rugged simplicity and greatness. He sets before us the conditions that prevailed in his day. He narrates the abuses and tyrannies that brought Luther into resistance and rebellion. He sets the figures of the day,—emperors, ecclesiastical rulers, scholars, hirelings,—in their places, and enables us to see the mighty struggle that was begun when this plain, earnest man took his position step by step, as his convictions grew in strength and clearness. He tells of Luther's marriage and his home life, of Luther's study and the books that he wrote, of Luther's battles and the victories that he won, of his daily life and his lamented death. One who reads the book containing the short and simple account of this great scholar, preacher, statesman and hero, who is rightly called "The glory of the Reformation," will be led into the desire to read larger and fuller accounts of the history of those epoch-making times.

WILLIAM L. MCEWAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEDICATION.

To my dear mother I affectionately dedicate this little volume. Any interest it may awaken in the scenes of her "Fatherland" will fulfill the wish of the writer.

PREFACE.

In presenting this little book to the public, it is not the author's expectation to add to the general information of the world upon a subject so vast as the Reformation ; but rather to group around a central point some of the interesting events connected with one of the greatest lives ever lived out on earth. If the effort is in any measure successful, the author considers himself fully paid for his labor.

Sincerely,

G. E. SEHLBREDE.

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WITTENBERG

WITTENBERG.

CHAPTER I.

We had spent a delightful week at Berlin, the beautiful Capital of the great German Empire, but the day of our departure came and we took the train at eight o'clock p. m., en route to Wittenberg.

From my earliest childhood I had longed to see the home of Luther, the scene of so many spiritual struggles in his own life and the lives of others, before the dark mantle of Romanism was torn asunder to allow the full-day shining of the Gospel. Now, after many years of anxious, almost dream-like longing, we reached Wittenberg, just two hours' ride from Berlin.

The rain was descending in torrents as we left the train, and we took a carriage to the

"Kaiser Hoff." We drove through the Elster Thor, up Collegian Strasse to the hotel, where we were met by the porter and the clerk.

These officials—for the porter is a personage of much importance in many hotels in Europe—silently assisted us with our luggage, and motioning us to follow, led us up a broad flight of stairs, opened the doors of two elegantly furnished rooms, deposited their burdens, and without saying a word left us in a cloud of bewilderment.

The whole proceeding appeared very strange to us. What did it mean? Were they dumb, or did they think we were deaf? We had not asked for prices, conditions or anything else that a tourist with a lean purse usually desires to know. Were these our rooms for the night or not? If so, what were the rates? We waited; no one came. We grew impatient yet no one made an appearance to help us out of our difficulty.

After a long anxious debate it was decided that the writer, who had a little knowledge of the German language, should go down and investigate. He did so, and discovered that the clerk and the porter had heard us speak-

ing English to each other, thought we knew nothing of the German language, and as they could not speak English, they had silently, but very courteously shown us to our rooms. Yes, these were our rooms for the night. They were surprised that we had not retired, and hoped we would be comfortable. When they told us the rates, we assured them that we would be very comfortable indeed, for their charges were exceedingly small compared with like accommodations in hotels in this country or England. They also explained to us that tourists from the United States and England who could neither speak nor understand the German language, often stopped there, and this was the courteous way they had of receiving them.

One does not know how useful a little knowledge of the German tongue is until he makes a circular tour through that country. All things being now satisfactorily arranged, we retired for the night, leaving orders to be called at half-past six in the morning, and breakfast to be served at seven.

It was raining hard next morning, but faithful to the order we were called at the

proper time, and after breakfast, went out to visit the points of special interest. Before describing these points, however, it may be of interest to give a short sketch of the town itself.

It is a picturesque town, about fifty miles southwest of Berlin, in the province of Saxony, Prussia, and is situated on the banks of the river Elbe which sparkles and gleams between its willows and scrubby oaks. It is surrounded by a good and highly cultivated farming country, and has a population of fourteen thousand five hundred inhabitants, many of whom are employed in the large breweries, distilleries and tanneries. Others are engaged in the manufacture of woolen and linen goods; while the rest follow the vocation usually pursued by inhabitants of German villages and towns, store-keeping, farming, etc.

It is a thoroughly old German town, visited by comparatively few American and English tourists, as it is out of the usual route of travel. It is long and narrow, and on account of the crowding of its population, covers much less area than a town of the same pop-

ulation would cover in the United States. This is true, however, of almost, if not all European cities.

In the evening, Wittenberg settles down into the quiet of a country village, while the broad river glides peacefully on, giving to all around a sort of melancholy calmness. As the night advances, the lights disappear from the windows one by one, and at midnight darkness settles down upon the city for street lights are very scarce.

Collegian Strasse is the principal street, and runs from the railroad station entirely through to the other end of the town. A tram-car, the only one which Wittenberg can boast of, runs on this street and furnishes a convenient way of going to and from the station. The streets are narrow, most of them very crooked, and have exceedingly narrow side-walks. The houses are low, old looking, (probably as old as they look) built of stone, or wood plastered over with cement. They are roofed with tiles, grown beautifully green with age. Near the center of the town is the market platz in which are statues of Luther and Melancthon, but the important

historic feature of the town is, that it was the cradle of the great German Reformation.

The one place interesting above all else, is the old Augustinian Monastery where Luther spent so many years as a monk, and now used as a theological seminary. This building faces directly on Collegian Strasse. High walls run back from either end which connect it with the Luther House, thus enclosing a great court or garden. The building known as the Luther House, which the Elector, John Frederick (according to Mrs. Rundle Charles) gave to Luther as a wedding present, was used as the university of the convent as well as the dwelling of Luther.

To enter this interesting place we pushed open a great wooden gate or door which is left unlocked, as the students of the seminary pass freely in and out. Upon entering we found ourselves in a road-like way wide enough to admit a wagon, with rooms of the convent on either side, and overhead. This "way" is paved with rough stone and leads into the court. Just across the court is the Luther House, a plain structure built of stones, with a long front, near the center of

LUTHER'S HOME, AND UNIVERSITY OF WITTENBERG.

which is a tower with a winding stairway leading to the floors above, and far up in the top is a large bell which tolls the hours of recitation for the seminary students. This bell is very old and is claimed to be the same that hung there in Luther's time, tolling the hours for the monks.

We passed through the court, following a beautiful walk bordered with flowers, until we reached the door of this historic building, and in answer to our ring were met by a good-natured, stout German woman of middle age; after informing her that we were tourists, she at once began to show us over the house. The first, or ground floor has nothing of special interest; so we ascended the winding stair to the floor above, the way being so dark as to make it necessary for us to carry lighted candles.

The stone steps of this stairway are much worn by the many feet that have pressed upon them since they were placed there almost four centuries ago; but just a few years after Columbus crossed the ocean and discovered a new continent. As we ascended, our minds ran back over the pages of history. To this

little old town, now of no great commercial importance, and to this university founded by the Elector Frederick, Luther who was to make the name of Wittenburg famous through all time, was called from Erfurt in 1508, to fill the chair of Philosophy. He would have preferred Theology, but as God seemed to have called him to another position he entered upon his duties with all the vast energy of his being.

In connection with these duties he continued the study of Hebrew and Greek, which was to be so beneficial to him during those ten months' imprisonment in the Wartburg castle, and from which the world was to reap rich blessings.

At the first landing of the stair a door leads into the vestibule which contains a drinking goblet of Luther's; Catherine Von Bora's rosary which she used when a nun at Nimptsch, Saxony; a crucifixion scene, and other paintings.

We passed through this vestibule to the opposite side and entered through another door, Luther's study. What emotions fill one's bosom as he stands in this room! We

wonder if this is indeed the place in which he locked himself, according to tradition, for three days with nothing to eat but bread and salt when he was writing his commentary on the twenty-second Psalm, and in which Mrs. Luther found him in deep meditation at the close of the third day when a locksmith had forced open the door.

The room is large, with low ceiling, and poorly furnished. It is said to be just as Luther left it in 1546, to make a last journey to his old home at Eisleben, never to again return to this room; but to be borne back in a few days by loving hands and laid to rest in the Palace Church at the other end of the town.

There is the same old door made of plain heavy boards, swinging inward on its rusty hinges. The same furniture is there, standing just as it was when he occupied this apartment. This is the same floor, now much worn by the feet of many tourists and the ravages of insects. There against the wall opposite the door through which we entered, is a little old low book-shelf still holding some of his books and just above this is a medallion

portrait of Luther himself. In the corner opposite the window stands a great, curious German stove. It is eight feet high, overlaid with green tile upon which are many representations of historic groups and scenes in beautiful bas-relief. This wonderful thing looked more like a miniature house of three or four stories, than like a stove. It rests on a stone foundation, and is at the left of the room.

Overlooking the court is a window set deep in the thick walls. By this window in the recess or alcove, formed by the thickness of the wall, are two seats made of plain pine boards, arranged like chairs facing each other. The space beneath was formerly used by Luther as a case for his books, some of which are there to-day well preserved, but dusty and smelling from age. This is said to have been his favorite place to sit in the evening hours with his wife Catherine, when he allowed himself time from his many duties to look upon the garden just below, where he delighted to work cultivating and studying his flowers. At the time of our visit, the walks were nicely kept, the shrubbery taste-

fully trimmed, and the flowers were blooming brightly, though it was late in the season. The most interesting object in the study, perhaps, is an old table which stands near the center, and at which Luther wrote so many of his works.

This table is very much worm-eaten; (the dark places in the picture show the inroads which the little destroyers have made.) Indeed, all the furniture and even the floor has suffered much. These are the only surviving pieces of furniture in this apartment which was once occupied by the mightiest man of the sixteenth century. On the wall is the signature (written in German) of Peter the Great, the then Czar of Russia. It was written with a piece of chalk by his own hand, and is protected by a covering of glass. On the floor are rugs and pieces of carpet, placed there to protect the boards from the feet of the many tourists who annually visit this place, so careful are the Germans to preserve everything connected with the life and interests of Luther.

No bygone king has his crown more carefully guarded through feelings of reverence,

than are guarded these old pieces of furniture, worthless in themselves. A king's crown might be stolen for its wealth of jewels and gold, thus needing an iron cage and an armed guard. The tourist looks upon it, admires it, passes on and forgets it and even him who wore it; but no tourist with even a small knowledge of this great man, who was greater than kings and yet the poorest of men, can stand by those poor, plain, half decayed relics, coming from that period which marks the transition from the age of darkness to the age of light, and leaving them, ever forget them.

Surely we owe a deep debt of gratitude to those who thus jealously keep these historic relics which are almost sacred, and which speak to us of other centuries, and are associated with events of such vast moment as to turn, as on a pivot, the whole history of the world.

From this room Luther sent forth his commentaries on the Psalms, Galatians and other parts of the Bible. Tracts on the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments; "The Reformation of Religion," and "The Babylonish Captivity," also almost innumerable

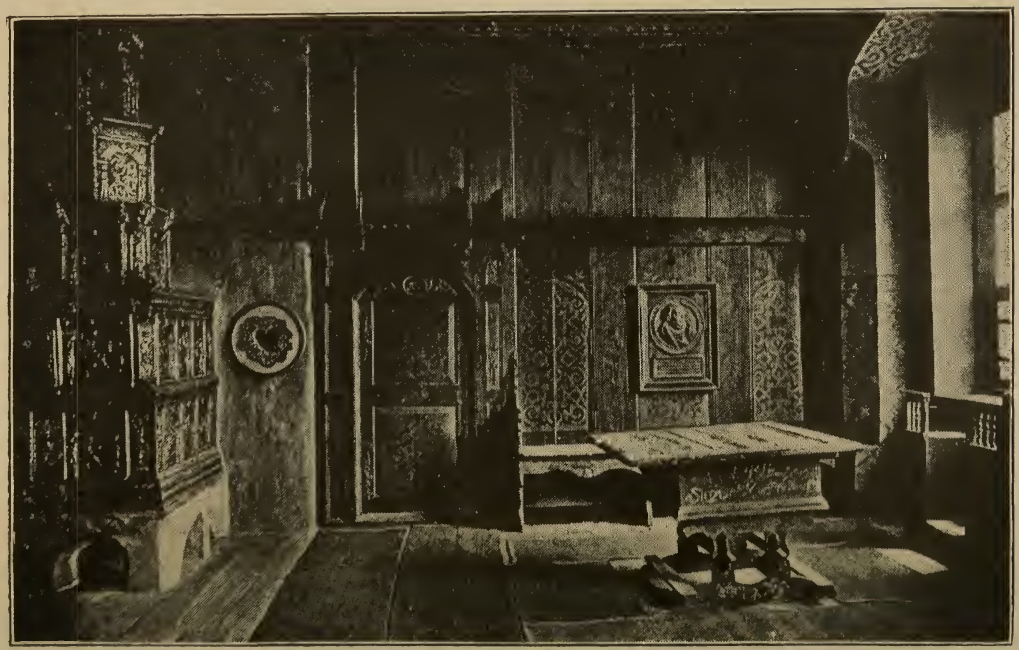
other works, including many of his hymns, some of which are so popular in Germany even to this day. But of all his writings, those which struck the keynote of the Reformation and sent it thrilling through all Europe, were his ninety five theses, which he nailed to the doors of the New Church (now the Schloss Kirche) on All Saints Eve, October 31st, 1517.

How much then, went from this little bare room, from the house and from this convent to change the destinies of the world! How powerfully, here, did this German monk wield the weapon placed in his hands by God, to shatter the bulwarks of the papacy, and to give the true light to the nations.

As one stands here where many of the great and wise have stood, and thinks of that long conflict which raged in the heart of the great reformer as he sat there by that window, stood by that stove or bent over his Greek and Hebrew Bible at that table, searching for light and yet striving to remain faithful to the Church of Rome (for it was many years before he could completely break the chain which bound him to that church) and how,

at last, he was *FORCED* by *that* church to make a decided stand, he more fully than ever appreciates the power of God to take a creature from the humblest and poorest of his fold, and make him an agent of great usefulness to mankind as well as much glory to himself, and how He sometimes takes the weak things of the world to confound the mighty.

What could have been more powerful, as seen by the natural eye, than the Roman Church backed by the power of Emperor Charles Fifth, when Luther sat in this room? What could have seemed more weak in comparison, than that poor, sometimes pennyless monk, often deserted by his dearest friends? And yet they, Luther and the Pope, represented two great struggling powers each striving for the mastery. The one was backed by the most powerful Emperor of the day; by all the power and grandeur, all the wealth and ecclesiastical control of the Roman Church, with its ritual, its priests, bishops, cardinals; its Pope and its superstitions. The other, one man without money or political influence, excommunicated from the



LUTHER'S STUDY.

Church and under the curse of the Pope, but a man who rested upon the arm of God, and was guided by His word and the Holy Spirit; yet;—

"Right is right, since God is God, and right the day must win."

and Luther stands before the world to-day, after almost four hundred years of scrutiny, as the victor of that mighty struggle. The world had long been overshadowed by the dark night of papacy with all its accompanying evils; but suddenly, as a bolt from the cloudless heavens, there shone forth a flame that scattered the darkness of night and set the world aglow with a new light. A man of humble birth had stepped out upon the scene; had caused that flame to flash, and made a more lasting impress for good and a more distinctively individual mark upon the history of mankind, than any other individual since apostolic times. That man was Martin Luther.

CHAPTER II.

The university was founded by Frederick the Wise, in 1505. Luther was called to it as a professor in 1508, but scarcely had three years elapsed when he was sent to Rome. He served as Town Preacher a great part of this time, and preached with such power as to "bear like a torrent on the minds of his hearers," who drank in his words as the dry and parched ground drinks in the autumn showers; or as one, having fed on husks, sits down eagerly to a table well spread with the fruit from which the husks have been removed. And was it not because their souls had been fed on the dry husks of Scholastic learning alone, that they were starving for the knowledge of the *true* way? Was it not because their hearts were thirsting for the Water of Life which had been turned from its channel by the corrupt Church of Rome, that they drank so eagerly of the showers fall-

ing upon them as the words of truth swelled from the heart and lips of the speaker? Aye, was it not because they had been robbed of the word of truth and life, that they so readily responded to him who brought it back to them?

Luther was sent to Rome to settle, or lay before the Pope, some disputes which had arisen among the convents of his order in Germany. He started out with high hopes and much joy, feeling that he must be made better, more holy and righteous by a visit to the Holy City. According to some authorities he walked the whole way barefoot and penniless, while Erasmus, with whom he was to come in conflict later on, made the same journey with ease and pleasure, "with horse and luxury."

On his way to Rome Luther was suddenly taken sick at a convent of Benedictine monks in Lombardy. It is supposed by many that poison had been put in his food by the monks whom he had severely reprimanded for their extravagant and sensuous lives, which contrasted so thoroughly with his own simple and pure manner of living. He removed from

this convent to another and more safe abode, and soon recovering, proceeded on his way to Rome.

All along the journey he found corruption in church and convent to increase, yet he approached the city with great joy for he thought, surely within her walls all must be pure and holy, for was it not the seat of the Holy Church? Had not Paul and Peter been persecuted and slain there? Were not their bones now sepultured within the incomplete building of St. Peter's? Had not the blood of many martyrs consecrated it and made it holy? Was it not the home of the successors of that apostle to whom Christ had given the keys of the kingdom of heaven?" With such feelings he came within sight of the imperial walls, and falling upon his knees with clasped hands lifted toward heaven, he cried out with reverence and joy: "I hail thee, Holy Rome; made holy by the blood of martyrs."

Thus Luther approached the papal city, with humble spirit and eager, anxious soul longing for more light, more holiness: and yet Wicelius, in his letter to Erasmus, under

date of March, 1533, referring to Luther says: "It is not Hannibal now who is knocking at the gate of Rome, but the devil who is trying to destroy the Christian faith."

But whatever Wicelius thought of Luther, Luther soon changed his opinion of Rome. How different he found it from what he expected! Instead of being holy, and breathing the very atmosphere of heaven, he found it a pool of corruption reeking with vileness that beggars description. Holy as the city must be, according to Roman belief, consecrated as it was by the most sacred relics of the Church, by the bones of the sainted dead and the presence of the sacred infallible head of the Church, the Pope, Luther found it in reality the most corrupt place he had ever known: a veritable cesspool of corruption. "In sacredness he had thought of it as Jerusalem, but in wickedness he had found it as Babylon."

About eighteen hundred and fifty years ago Paul made his visit to Athens, a city wholly given over to idolatry, and when he would have preached to the people of the true God, they called him a babbler and turned again to

their philosophy and idolatrous superstition, while Paul left their city never to return. When Luther entered the city of Rome and began to see farther into the mysteries of the Roman Church, he found idolatry and corruption even worse and more degrading, and indeed more widespread than that which the apostle had found at Athens.

Athens had only her philosophy and culture to guide her, and this had led her farther astray. Rome had the true light, the *word of God* in her grasp, but rather than send it out to enlighten the world and lead it to Christ, she chose to hide it in her cloisters, chain it to the walls of her convents and cover it over with her formalism and tradition, until it was all but lost to view; and together with the hiding of the Scriptures she also fostered the spread of ignorance among the multitudes. So successful was she in this, that Erasmus said the monks and friars were wiser in their generation than most people knew, for they were fully aware that the spread of knowledge would be fatal to their dominion.

In the very heart of the Church Luther

found little but unbelief, mockery and immorality. The priests themselves, many of them, considered their religion and their profession a hollow sham, even as the heathen of this same Rome in the time of Nero considered *their* profession, their religion and their gods hollow, meaningless mockeries. We must however, allow for this difference in favor of the age of Nero; the heathen had little opportunity to receive the light; but the priest of Luther's day had, or could have had the full overflowing light of the gospel to direct him aright.

When Luther would have brushed aside all this formalism and falseness, and pointed out the way to the one God who ruled above priest, pope and church, these corrupt and immoral idolators would have none of it, but stopped their ears; closed their eyes to the light; continued in their sins, and finally laid their persecuting hands upon him who would have been their guide, until, as Paul left Athens, Luther also left the fold of the Roman Church.

But what a vast difference there was between this church of pretended apostolic suc-

cession at Rome in the sixteenth century, and the real apostolic church at Jerusalem in the first century. In the apostolic church there were purity, sincerity, and simplicity. In the papal church there were gorgeousness, ritualism, worldly officialism and corruption. It was this great contrast between the church of the first century and that of the sixteenth that quickened both Luther and Knox to a return to primitive simplicity and purity.

The war-loving Julius the Second occupied the pontifical chair, and instead of depending upon penticostal outpourings, or more of the workings of the Holy Spirit to conquer the world, he strove to conquer it, or as much of it as possible, in his own way (by force of arms) not for Christ but for the Church of Rome. Strange succession this, to the humble fisherman who trod the shores of Galilee; who gave up all his worldly possessions for the sake of his Lord; who was commanded by the Master to put up his sword into its place; who went empty-handed and did his work in the "name of Jesus of Nazareth;" and who suffered much in his Master's cause and for his Master's sake.

Cardinals, bishops, priests and monks, were even more degraded than the Pope. Luther saw the cardinals with their palaces and mistresses; he saw the bishops with their riches, their grandeur, their indulgence; he saw the priests with their diseased forms and bloated faces which pointed clearly to a life of sin and dissipation. But in this city of ecclesiastical corruption; unknown, unthought-of beyond the walls of Erfurt and Wittenberg, walked a man who was soon to revolutionize the Christian church.

Sadly he walked the streets of the city of which he had thought and dreamed as the very nursery of holiness. He visited all the sacred relics, did penance before all the holy altars, worshiped before the portraits or statues of all the saints, climbed on his hands and knees (according to tradition) the Sancta-Scala, reputed to have been a part of Pilate's stairway which had been brought from Jerusalem to Rome. An indulgence from penance for one thousand years for this act of devotion was to be to all pilgrims who ascended this stair on their knees.

He was in this act, faithfully seeking for

light, when a voice as if from heaven seemed to whisper to him: "The just shall live by faith." He immediately arose, turned about and bravely walked down the steps up which he had so laboriously ascended. He went away a free man; but with what a different opinion of it all did he return to his quiet home at Wittenberg. Disappointed and sad as he was by what he saw, he said he would not have failed having seen Rome for one thousand florins, for if he had never seen it he would always have feared and doubted whether or not he had done an injustice to the Pope, but, he said, "as it is I am quite satisfied now on this point."

CHAPTER III.

Soon after his return to Wittenberg he was made a Doctor of Divinity, and called to the chair of theology, although he was only twenty-nine years of age. He protested at first against being put into such a responsible position; but Staupitz, the vicar-general of the Augustinian order in Germany, and who had been the first theological professor in the university of Wittenberg, taking Luther by the arm led him out into this very garden, and there, sitting under one of those ancient looking trees, told him that he *must* accept the chair of theology offered him by the university. Luther finally agreed, but being without money he went to Leipsic to receive from the Electors' treasury the funds necessary for the promotion.

He received his degree October 18, 1512, and was shortly after called to the university of Erfurt; but in fifteen months he returned

to Wittenberg university and entered into his work as professor of theology. In this position, thus thrust upon him, though it seemed at the time he was first called to Wittenberg that this was the chair he desired, in the oath which he took promising to discharge his duties to the very best of his ability, he felt the call of his Sovereign, of the university, of the Pope, and above all the rest, the call of his God. In accepting it he was urged to a plane far above that of the narrow limits of monasticism and mere scholasticism, and from that time he took a broader and a truer stand, and that too, on a surer foundation than he could otherwise have done. He became from that hour "the armed champion of the gospel," and he knew right well how to use those arms which were thus put into his hands.

In his oath he declared that he would faithfully defend the gospel and firmly stand for the truth. This promise he fully redeemed in the pulpit; with his pen; by lifting up his voice in councils before kings, rulers and ecclesiastics, as well as in his modest lecture room. His one great aim was to dispel the

darkness which had fallen so heavily upon the world (for which he felt the Church was largely responsible) and to send forth the light as it is found in Christ Jesus.

While all the world was excited over the discovery of a new continent where kings, rulers, nobles and adventurers were seeking lands and fortunes, this poor monk, often suffering from poverty, in this room of this old convent, was wrestling in the deep labyrinths of Roman formalism, idolatry and superstition, with questions of far greater importance than those in which the nobles of the earth were engaged. While they were seeking after the treasures of earth, he was searching for the deep things of God, and striving to discover the truths of the word of God. While they were unconsciously preparing a land of refuge for the persecuted of the world, he was poring over his Greek and Hebrew Bible, and preparing therefrom a system of theology which would soon startle the world.

Slowly the light broke upon him, but he groped his way steadily through the gloom, following the first faint ray which led him

nearer and nearer the truth, until the darkness at last vanished, and he stood out in the broad open day of the gospel.

Adjoining this study is a large room used as a sort of picture gallery, which contains paintings by eminent artists, representing the Diet of Worms, Luther's betrothal (by Cranach, who was present at the wedding of Luther), Charles Fifth at Luther's grave, and many other works representing scenes and incidents connected with the life of the reformer.

According to our guide, this room was used as a dining-room by the monks until the latter part of 1524, when all except Luther left the convent, which thus ceased to exist. In December of the same year Luther sent the keys to the Elector who invited him to remain in the building which was now given to the university.

Passing again through the study from this gallery, we proceed to what is known as the "corner room." It is long and hall-like, and contains the portraits of Luther, his wife Catherine, and others, also a glass case in which are old translations of the Bible. This

room was used as a chapel by the monks, and the most interesting object in it is the high, rickety old pulpit in which Luther so often stood to preach to monks, students and many others who gathered there to hear him. An old stove stands on one side of the room, and some statuary on the other. There is less, perhaps here, than in the other rooms to directly remind one of the great man whose voice so often filled this chapel, but the whole atmosphere breathes of his presence, though almost four centuries have passed since his voice was heard for the last time within these walls.

Connected with this room is another much the same in size, containing several paintings by the elder Cranach who was a citizen of Wittenberg in the time of Luther, and who has preserved on canvas the likeness of most of the reformers who were contemporary with him. There are several glass cases which contain medals, printed pamphlets and books, autographs of Luther, Melancthon, Frederick the Wise, Duke George, John the Constant, and many other notable persons who were contemporary with Luther.

In another room is a model of the statue of Luther, erected in his honor at Worms. This chamber also contains the first editions of many of Luther's works, (manuscripts, etc.) kept carefully protected from dust and the touch of tourists, by glass cases.

Perhaps the most interesting place in the whole building, if we except the study, is Luther's lecture room. Here is an old Cathedra which he occupied while lecturing. There are the same old benches—much cut up by the knives of the boys of that day—where the students sat to hear their beloved teacher as he went through the Psalms; the Epistle to the Romans and other parts of the Scriptures.

What an effect those lectures must have had upon the lives of the young men who sat at his feet before and after the clouds had vanished from his eyes. In this lecture room he unfolded to them the treasures of God's word, showing clearly that remission of sins was not the result of meritorious work, but that it was only through faith in Christ Jesus that the sinner could be saved. He was soon rewarded by seeing many of his

young disciples make public profession of their belief in this doctrine; and how this knowledge, that some of the seed he was sowing had fallen on good ground and was already producing good fruit, must have comforted him amid all his trials and difficulties.

Some years later, after Luther's marriage, a terrible plague broke out in Wittenberg which caused most of the professors and students to flee from the university. He was advised to go too, but he bravely remained to attend to the sick, and wrote a friend that "his house had been turned into a veritable hospital as he had taken in several persons whom no one would shelter or care for." This came at a time when he was very poor; and yet even in this poverty he sold some of his silver plate to raise money for one of the students who desired to go home and thus escape the danger of the plague.

Printers often offered to pay Luther for his work, but he always refused them, saying: "Since God had enabled him to send those works forth, they should go free as the light of heaven." And yet, at this very juncture, he cried out: "My house has been

drained of its last penny." He had been obliged to pawn three silver goblets which some friends had given him, that he might, with the proceeds, procure the bare necessaries of life. This shows the nobleness, the unselfishness and the self-sacrificing spirit of him who would take no earthly reward for doing his duty toward God and man. He had been blest with power and ability to do the work, and he would not receive payment from the hand of man for performing it.

During this awful plague, he supported forty-two persons for some time out of his poverty, but he trusted in the Lord, whom he believed would provide.

For many years before he came to Wittenberg, indulgences had been sold by the Roman Church. The right of the pope to grant these through the priests, was not questioned; but the Electors of Saxony would never permit them to be sold within the bounds of their provinces.

This selling of indulgences, was the payment on the part of the people, of certain sums of money to the priests for which, on the authority of the pope, was granted a com-

plete or partial remission of the temporal or purgatorial punishment still due the sinner after the guilt of the sin had been remitted by penance. It was not, at first, granted for unforgiven sins; it was not a remission of sins; nor did it furnish a means whereby the one granted the indulgence could escape the eternal punishment which is due to mortal sin; neither did it avail for sins to be committed in the future. Sin must have been repented of before an indulgence could benefit the sinner, and then it availed only under proper conditions to remit, or shorten the time of the soul's torment in purgatory.

At the close of the fifteenth century this assumed power of the pope began to be much abused, and was often used as a means of gain not only for the Church, but also for the priests and popes themselves. Any pretext was used to force upon the people the need of purchasing indulgences in order that the treasury of the Church or that of the pope might be replenished.

The indulgences were the granting of the superabundant works and merits of saints which had accumulated through the cen-

turies, to those who could not, or cannot fulfill the requirements of the Church for their own salvation.

Julius Second, in order to fill his treasury, depleted by his many wars undertaken to extend the temporal power of the church, had used the idea of building the cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome, as a covering or receptacle for the remains of Peter and Paul, the apostles of Jesus Christ. The money paid by the people was to be devoted to this purpose and would thus serve two ends; first, the remission of purgatorial punishment for those who paid, and second, it would assist in furnishing a suitable resting place for the sacred bones of saints. The people responded heartily to this appeal, paid liberally for indulgences, and soon filled the coffers of the warlike Julius.

The height of abuse of this pretended power of the pope was reached by Leo. X., whose extravagance made it needful to replenish in some way, his empty treasury. To do this he used as his agents many mendicant or begging friars, a class of men who pretended that they had no other means of

living than that of begging; and of whom Erasmus asks the very pertinent question; "Why should they live at all? What is the use of these mendicant vagabonds?" But Leo X., found very active use for them. His treasury was empty; it must be filled; and so he sent these begging wanderers through Germany granting indulgences not only for sins already committed, but for sins to be committed in the future. All this was granted without repentance on the part of the sinner.

Leo's most notorious agent in this business was John Tetzel who, in 1516, engaged in the nefarious work. He went about from town to town accompanied by fifers and bell ringers, and a whole retinue following behind him "like a procession of priests and priestesses of Cybele." Knowing that the Electors would not allow his traffic in Saxony, he went to Juterbock, a town four miles northeast of Wittenberg, in the province of Brandenburg, and setting up his red cross, opened his sales. He sold indulgences not only for the remission of sins already committed, but for crimes the vilest and most horrible yet to be

committed. If one wished to commit the most heinous offence he need only *pay* and he would receive absolution beforehand, and need have no fear of eternal punishment nor even of purgatory.

He had stated at Annaberg, that "on account of the great piety of the German people he had reduced the price," and now at Juterbock he announced that by paying eight ducats (about sixteen dollars) a man might commit murder and have no fear of eternal retribution.

It is very easy to see what sort of influence such a doctrine would have upon a people, the greater number of whom thought the pope infallible and clothed with real, rather than with visionary apostolical power. Tetzel went even farther than this; he declared that for sums of money proportionate to the wealth of the giver, the souls of relatives and friends still in purgatory would be released. For twelve groats (a little less than one dollar, or just ninety-six cents) one could deliver his father from the torments of purgatory.

"The most holy father," Leo X., had de-

creed it, and he, Tetzel, the pope's apostle and faithful servant who carried with him what he affirmed to be a feather from the wing of the Angel Gabriel (but which was in reality from the wing of a goose) declared it, and how could it be otherwise than true? "No sooner," he cried, "does the money strike the bottom of the chest than the soul confined in purgatory for whose release it is given, flies straight up into heaven."

He even went so far as to say that he had saved more souls through indulgences than the Apostle Peter ever saved; and that he would not exchange his place for that of the great Apostle. He showed the same spear with which the Roman soldier smote the Saviour's side. He carried with him a great cross on which was a crown of thorns; the very nails which had pierced the Saviour's feet and hands, and sometimes upon this cross was seen the flowing blood of Jesus.

Multitudes of people believed all this; even as many to-day who pray to the statuary in Notre Dame,Paris, believe that the statue of one of the Saints which turns so as to face

first one way and then the other, is moved by some miraculous power, instead of some ingenious mechanism of priestcraft.

While Tetzel was thus busily engaged in this sacrilegious work at Juterbock, Luther was quietly attending to his priestly office in the Wittenberg convent. One day he was sitting in his confessional when some citizens of the town came to him for absolution. They freely confessed their sins, and were counseled, reproved and urged to repentance and a holier life. To his great surprise they told him that they were going to continue in their sins. They had "purchased a pardon," they said, "from the pope through his agent, Tetzel, and by it they were permitted to go right on in their sins just as before." They had paid a price and had secured pardon beforehand for sins they desired to commit in the future. But, in spite of their argument and statement of papal pardon, Luther's answer to them all was: "Except ye repent, ye shall all perish."

The people were confounded. In Juterbock, only four miles away, a representative of the pope, acting under his direction and

with his authority, declared that the remission of sins could be purchased with gold without the least shadow of repentance; while here in Wittenberg a priest of the most holy Roman church declared most emphatically that the remission of sins could not be purchased with money, and that it could only be gained by the true repentance of the sinner.

There must certainly be an inconsistency somewhere when two priests, under the same infallible pope, proclaimed principles and doctrines so diametrically opposed to each other. In their bewilderment many returned to Tetzel and told him of Luther's declaration. When he heard it he flew into a great rage. He swore, he raved, he threatened. But though many were misled by the sale of indulgences, many others, earnest people, rejoiced to find one man in all Christendom who fearlessly spoke out what was echoed in their own hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

The world was changing. She was awakening out of her long, drowsy stupor; but the church, the monks, the priests and the pope, and even the people who were largely instrumental in bringing about that change, did not understand it. Threats and curses might beat that change back for a moment, but it would soon burst out with greater power and fury than ever. Germany was awakening to a new life; and as the "Bull" of Leo a little later made Luther's party stronger, so now the threats and curses of Tetzel, without argument or satisfactory explanation, forced Luther to a bolder and more open expression of his opinions, and won for him many friends. He knew now, that he must take an open and decided stand for the principles he had proclaimed, and resolved to attack in a public manner the indulgence traffic.

The university had been founded just twelve years. Luther had been a teacher, with slight interruption, within her walls for nine years. Pope Julius II, had passed away, not able even in his dying moments to lay aside his ambitious schemes, but cried out with his last breath: "Out of Italy, French! Out, Alphonso of Este!"

Leo X, who succeeded Julius, was posing before the world as the successor of the Apostle Peter. The first day of November, known as All-Saints' Day, was drawing near. On that day the New Church of Wittenberg, now the Schloss Kirche, erected and enriched with many sacred relics by the Elector of Saxony, was to be thrown open. All who worshiped in it during that day were to be granted indulgences. As this had been proclaimed through all Saxony for many months past (Luther himself helped to proclaim it), great crowds were expected to gather within her walls.

Luther saw in this a splendid opportunity of openly challenging, for public debate, the power of the pope or any of his representatives to grant indulgences for money. The

reformer had not yet cast off his allegiance to Rome. Indeed he considered himself one of the most loyal members of that Church, and desired only an open debate in accordance with the custom of the day, upon a subject of so vital importance.

Others beside Luther were anxious to get at the root of this subject and penetrate into the mysterious power of the pope. They were anxious also, that the poisonous vine of priestly corruption which had twined its deadly tendrils about the Church until all truth had been hidden, should be torn away and the truth be again revealed to the world. But Luther was the only man in all Germany, and indeed in all Europe since the days of Huss, with courage sufficiently strong to lay hold of that vine and lay bare that truth. Accordingly he wrote ninety-five theses, and on the evening of October 31, 1517, he fearlessly nailed them to the doors of this church, which was to be opened with so much trumpery on the morrow.

In these propositions the authority of the pope was not attacked. An open rupture with the Church of Rome was not meditated.

It was not the Church he was attacking, but the corruption which had been thrown around and grown up within it. Indeed he desired to take the part of the pope in the church's defence. He ascribed everything corrupt in the Church to unscrupulous priests who practised these abominations without the knowledge of the pope, or in defiance of him. This was Luther's position. He desired to make it known to the world, and as we stood by that church we almost felt that we could see the great reformer with his manuscript in one hand and a hammer in the other, approach those doors and calmly proceed to nail up those theses.

Many who came to worship on that memorable first day of November, 1517, expecting the promised indulgence, bore back with them the substance of those theses, and even dared, thereafter, to question the power and prerogatives of the pope.

The theses ran with incredible speed over the land, and struck a chord in the hearts of many that were waiting for a master's touch and set those chords vibrating with such sweetness and power that they continued

to respond until the vibrations of ten thousand souls sent the papal domination of Europe, and indeed of the world, toppling to its fall.

While Luther was nailing these theses, the " banner of the reformation," to the doors of this church in Wittenberg, God was preparing other instruments in distant parts of the world for a great and glorious work. In the little Scottish town of Haddington on Tyne, a few miles south of Edinburgh, John Knox, a boy of twelve, who was to be one of those instruments, or agents, was attending school, and although all unconscious of the life before him he was thus fitting himself for his work as the great reformer of Scotland.

About this time, also, the fires of persecution in Scotland began to burn anew, and to leave their dark and bloody marks upon the already blackened pages of Romish history. These fires had first been kindled in 1411, at Perth, to burn John Resby. They were now soon to burst forth in many lands and rage for many years with more severity than ever.

Already in 1487, just four years after

Luther's birth, Pope Innocent Eighth, issued a "bull" against the Waldensians of France, and sent an army of eighteen thousand soldiers to hunt down and slay those humble Christians whose only crime was to worship God according to the teachings of the Scriptures.

In 1489, just six years after Luther's birth, and the very year in which Rome was using her severest measures in Dauphiny, William Farel, the "father of the French reformation" was born. He was to be led by Rome for many years through dark and mysterious ways, but was finally to come out into the true light and carry the gospel into many parts of France and Switzerland.

In 1493, Lefevre, who was to take a prominent part in the reformation, was teaching Divinity in the University of Paris, and just as Luther took his chair of Philosophy in Wittenberg, the dawn of a brighter day was preparing for France; and in 1512, while Luther was on his way to Rome to settle the quarrel between the Augustinian convents, Paris, and indeed, all France, was listening to those truths which Lefevre

taught, and from which the French reformation was soon to spring. In 1509, John Calvin, who was to be one of the greatest forces in the reformation, was born at Noyon, near Paris, and was thus eight years old when Luther nailed his theses to the Wittenberg church.

In a lonely shepherd's hut in Wildhousen, Switzerland, just seven weeks after the birth of Luther at Eisleben, John Zwingli, who was to be the reformer of Switzerland, was born; and just one year after Luther was called to the chair of Philosophy in Wittenberg, Zwingle was ordained priest and elected pastor of Glarus. Without intercourse with Luther he began his warfare against the corruptions of the Romish church, and one year after Luther had nailed up his theses, Zwingli was called to the Cathedral at Zurich where he labored until his death in 1531.

In connection with all this, the shores of a new world were being prepared to receive the fugitives from the old when the fires of persecution should drive them, in search of religious liberty, from their native land.

Thus the very moment that Luther was

nailing up his theses in Wittenberg, we see the reformation already prepared in France, we have it begun in Switzerland; it was springing up in its first preparation in Scotland, and the shores of a new world are being made ready to receive those whom the old world will soon cast out. God, independently of the plans of man, and indeed in spite of man's plans, in different parts of the world and in His own way, was preparing agents and instruments for the great work He was about to begin in the overthrow of the powers of darkness.

But while these men were being raised up for the overthrow of error; while the monastic orders were trembling in their decay, there was a counter influence springing up which we must not fail to mention.

Eight years after the birth of Luther, Inigo Lopez de Recalde, better known as Ignatius Loyola, was born in Spain, a land whose history has been darkened by the finger of Rome since its earliest dawn to the present day. Loyola was descended from one of the most illustrious families of Spain, and distinguished himself fifty years later by found-

ing the order of the Jesuits, which was to serve as a reviving breath for the dying embers of Roman Catholicism. Thus we see a new influence, counter to the reformation springing into existence at the very moment that Luther nails his theses to the door of this old church.

The church made noted by this act is on the outer edge of the town, a few minutes walk from the Luther House; on the same side of Collegian Strasse, and stands close to the infantry barracks. It was erected in 1439—1499, and was badly damaged in 1759, when the French, Austrian and Russian powers, which really represented the Roman Church, took Wittenberg from Frederick the Great; and again in 1760, when another Frederick drove these armies out of Saxony. In these wars the wooden doors to which Luther nailed his theses were destroyed by fire.

The town and church were badly damaged again in 1813, when the French laid siege to, and took possession of Wittenberg. Immediately after the last bombardment in 1814, when the French were driven out, the

church was partly restored; but the work of restoration was not completed until 1890-1892.

In 1850, Frederick William presented the church with massive metal doors ten feet high, to replace the wooden ones which had been destroyed in the wars. They bear the Latin text of Luther's theses and are placed in the side of the building, furnishing the main entrance to the body of the church. Above them on the right and left, are statues of Frederick the Wise and John the Constant, who, in an especial manner, were Luther's friends and protectors.

The tower of this church is very interesting, and climbing up its dark winding stairway to the topmost landing some hundreds of feet above the ground, one has a splendid view of the surrounding country. As we looked down from this landing we saw a part of the German army drilling on the parade ground just below. This is no uncommon sight, for in almost every town in Germany companies of men may be seen drilling in all the maneuvers of war. Indeed all Germany is one great military camp, and almost all

the young men of the middle and wealthy classes look forward with pleasure to the three years they must serve in the army. But those of the peasant, or poorer classes, who are often the support and stay of aged parents, and being compelled by want of money to depend altogether on army food and army treatment, look forward toward those three years with feelings of regret and sorrow and consider them as years spent in a service akin to slavery.

As we looked down upon a scene which began at our feet and stretched to the distance, we thought what mighty battles had raged in and around this little town. Yonder, down the street a few squares, Luther had fought and won the victory which tore the idols of Roman Catholic superstition and papal reverence from his heart and life, and which really started the full-tide of the reformation on the continent. There before us were some of the battle-fields where Frederick the Great had fought in those seven years of dreadful warfare against the Austrians, French and Russian forces. In these battles we see represented by Frederick and

his army, Protestanism, the hope of the world, struggling against Romanism, the blight upon humanity, and rolling that blight back from the confines of Germany.

This city was a fortress down to 1875, and all around its walls the battles raged between the French who took it in 1813, and the Prussians who drove them out in 1814. It is said that while the French had possession they used this old church, whose foundation was laid fifty-three years before the discovery of America, as a sort of military storehouse. So little regard has war for sacred buildings.

When our guide led us into the main body of the church, we were struck by its peculiar beauty: its lofty vaulted ceiling; its magnificent altar; its fine pulpit; its beautiful stained glass windows; its statuary and tombs which fill one with a peculiar feeling of awe and reverence.

When visiting Wittenberg the Emperor always worships in this building, and a magnificent chair on the opposite side of the church from the pulpit, and between it and the altar, is reserved for him, while a group

of seats placed apart from the rest are reserved for his family and others of the nobility.

The most interesting object, however, is the grave of Luther, which is near the pulpit and on the right side as one walks down the aisle from the door. Just across from this is the grave of his old friend, colaborer and neighbor, "faithful and true," Philip Melancthon. There they lie sleeping the last long sleep; the greatest reformer and the greatest scholar of the sixteenth century. They had been faithful and brotherly to each other in life, and that union was not to be broken in death.

The graves are marked by bronze slabs with Latin inscriptions, placed in the top of marble foundations perhaps two feet high, the one on the right and the other on the left. There are many other metal and stone slabs which mark the resting place of men of greater or lesser renown who have been buried in this church; but the grave of the lowly monk, the great reformer, he who had sung so often with heavy heart in the streets of Eisenach,

for daily bread, is the centre of interest to all tourists.

Wittenberg holds the mortal remains of Luther, but he does not belong to Wittenberg; he belongs to the world. He is the heritage of the ages. The chord struck by the theses which he nailed to the doors of this church has resounded through all lands; while the light of the fire kindled by the burning of the papal "bull" was not confined to Wittenberg or even to Saxony. It soon shed its long-looked-for rays over the whole civilized globe.

But while the world owes much to Luther, it should not forget its debt of gratitude to his noble friend, Melancthon, for it was in him that Luther had his greatest human and moral support. It was in Melancthon's house and to Melancthon himself that Luther could unburden his heart when no one else would listen, or would listen only to condemn.

Melancthon came to Wittenberg from Tubingen in 1518, after declining calls to both Leipzig and Ingolstadt. He came as a gift from God, on the recommendation of Reuchlin, just at a time when Luther needed some one, strong and keen, and with a deeper

knowledge of Greek and Hebrew than he himself possessed; and also to cheer, counsel and uphold him when it seemed that all the world had forsaken him.

At the time of Melancthon's arrival (by appointment of Frederick to the professorship of Greek) Luther had just fully entered upon his fearful struggle with Rome. Feeling the need of some strong support he was at first much disappointed in Melancthon's appearance, but he gladly changed his opinion as soon as he discovered the real worth of the young professor.

THE PALACE CHURCH.

CHAPTER V.

On our way to the Schloss Kirche we visited the home of this friend and helper of Luther who, in 1530, prepared a defence of the Augsburg Confession which, on command of Charles V, had been attacked and refuted by Dr. Eck. This house is three stories high, is very old within but modernized without. Written on the front are the words "Here lived Philip Melancthon." As one reads these words, what strange feelings creep over him. Can it be possible that he is standing under the very shadow of the house in which, at one time, lived the greatest Greek Scholar of his day? And who, on account of his learning, sincerity and faithfulness, made it possible for Luther to go forward with his work at a time when he was almost ready to give that work up in despair? and stood by the great reformer, true to the end, his helper and his guide?

We rang the bell and were met by a bright

looking, pleasant young German woman who opened the great wooden door or gate, and kindly invited us in. Through this door we passed into a roadway paved with rough stones, and which was wide enough to permit a wagon to pass freely between the walls of the houses on either side.

Just back of this house is a large garden or court surrounded by a stone wall about twelve feet high. In this garden still stands a stone table at which it is said Luther and Melancthon used to sit to talk and study over the great questions that were so frequently uppermost in their minds. It is a mere slab of stone, perhaps three inches thick and two, or two and one half feet wide by three feet long, placed on a central stone pillar. It stands under some ancient looking trees, "just where," our guide said, "it used to stand" when those old trees sheltered the two men of such courage. These trees may *not* have been there during the time of the reformation, but an old decayed oak stump now almost gone, stands near the table, and may have been growing into young treehood at that time.

On the opposite side of the garden the stone wall was pierced by a doorway, and a path led directly from it, by a back entrance, into the Luther House. This door was often used by both friends when visiting each other, as it was much more convenient and private than by passing through the front way and along the street. The doorway has long since been closed up by masonry, but the outlines of it are still plainly visible.

Leaving the garden we entered the house. To reach the rooms occupied by Melancthon we ascended a dark winding stair. In these rooms, a broken chair which he is said to have used, a great old-fashioned German stove, and the same old floor made of rough boards, were all that was to be seen. But as one thinks back to those olden days, he can almost hear the boisterous laughter as it rang through that narrow entry, in those rooms where we were standing, and down below in the garden as Luther and Melancthon sat together discussing the scandal about Eck or Tetzel. But other sounds than those of boisterous laughter had often echoed through those stone walled halls. It was the voice of

prayer; for Oh! how many times the voices of those dear friends were raised, and their hearts blended in supplication to God in consideration of the great questions before them.

Aside from the thought of being in the very room of this great and good man, walking upon the same floor, and looking upon the same walls, and connecting it all with his life, there is little else of interest in the place. But let us not forget that Melancthon was Luther's greatest human support, and that without his wisdom, his sound advice, his encouraging manner, his more acute knowledge of the Greek and Hebrew languages, his comprehensive and accurate system of theology, Luther could never have accomplished his great work. He considered him the brightest light of the century and frequently said that if Melancthon lived it made little difference what became of himself.

Luther was elected Town preacher soon after he came to Wittenberg, and we next went to the church in which he preached while in that office, and also after his return from Rome. It is known as the Stadt Kirche, (Town Church), was erected in the four-

teenth century, and stands in a somewhat retired place back from Collegian Strasse. The exterior was at one time elaborately decorated with statuary of saints and patrons; rulers and kings; with inscriptions and tablets beneath each: but time, weather and vandal tourists have told sadly upon them, and at the present time none of these inscriptions are fully legible, while some of the statues are so badly worn away as to be without feature, and some even without form.

There is not much else of special interest in the furnishings of the church. There is an altar, the same old pulpit in which Luther so often stood to preach the gospel of Jesus rather than the doctrines of Rome; and just before the altar there still stands the baptismal font which was said by our guide to be the one Luther used almost four hundred years ago.

It was in this church that communion (or mass) in both kinds, was first administered to the people by a Roman priest. This service was performed by Carlstadt, one of the professors of the university, on Christmas day, 1521, or, according to some authorities,

in the early part of 1522. It was here, when the clouds were rolling from the mind of the future reformer that great crowds gathered to hear the word as it came with clearer emphasis and a new meaning from his lips.

In this church, while Luther was in the Wartburg castle (1521) Gabriel Zwilling, a former monk of the Wittenberg Convent, publicly espoused the doctrine of the reformation to the multitudes who gathered to hear him. He declared the worship of the "host" to be sacrilege and idolatry, and that all members of the church had a perfect right to receive the sacraments under both kinds. He cried out against Monachism and struck fiercely at the monastic orders, saying that "every one who entered a monastery entered it on the command of Satan for," he said, "the fundamental principles of the whole order were contrary to the will of God." Thirteen friars, influenced by these words of their former fellow monk, soon left the convent, assumed the ordinary dress of citizens and became profitable members of society.

Apart from reformation interest it is well worth while to spend an hour in the market

platz, which, on the day of our visit, was crowded with men, women, children, carts and dogs, for all over the continent of Europe, this "friend of man" is turned into a beast of burden, and it is no uncommon thing to see one or two, and sometimes three or four dogs hitched to a cart or wagon filled with fruit, vegetables or milk, and often a baby tucked comfortably down in one corner. The dogs trot briskly along the road or street, barking merrily at some pedestrian, or growling fiercely at some canine brother who chances to pass that way. The driver usually walks by their side or just behind the vehicle, but sometimes he, or she, as the case may be, adds to the weight of the load by riding.

Many women had stalls or booths, formed by four upright posts placed several feet apart, over which a canvas was stretched to protect their goods from rain. These goods consisted of nuts, vegetables, flowers, candy, fancy work, cheap clothing of all kinds, etc., etc., which were spread out with as much display as possible. Others less fortunate, or perhaps more indifferent, sat under huge umbrellas and displayed their goods as best

they could; but all were clamorously extolling the good qualities of their wares and urging the passer-by to purchase. Every one seemed to be in the best of humor, and a good neighbourly feeling was apparent between them.

In this market square are two statues, about one hundred feet apart. One is a slender figure robed in a gown, and with saintly expression of countenance. This is easily recognized as a statue of Melancthon, who was to Luther what Jonathan was to David. It was erected about thirty-five years ago; and upon the pedestal are the following inscriptions written in German; on one side, "Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace." On the opposite side: "I will speak thy testimonies also before kings, and I will not be ashamed."

The other is a statue of Luther; a representative of a genuine robust Teuton, holding in his hand an open Bible under which is inscribed: "Believe the gospel." On one side of the pedestal are the words: "If this be God's work it will endure; if it be man's it will perish." On the opposite side we read the immortal motto: "*Eine feste Burg ist*

unser Gott"—God is our strong fortress. Surely it was not the work of man. It must have been the work of God. Almost four hundred years have passed since the flames of the papal bull proclaimed far and wide the battle cry which Luther raised against the pope at Rome, and yet that work continues.

It was taken up by other generations, other peoples, other nations, and is felt in the whole civilized world to-day, and thousands from the generations of men have found refuge and peace and safety in that "*Feste Burg,*" the strong-hold of God. And long after that statue has crumbled into dust, should the world stand so long, other multitudes from the generations yet unborn will find a safe retreat within the shelter of that ever enduring fortress: and long after this earth shall have been melted with fervent heat, those countless hosts who found safety within that fortress, will be singing the praises of the redeemed in that city whose walls are four square, whose gates are of pearl and whose streets are of gold.

In this market place the students burnt the theses of Tetzel, which were sent to be circu-

lated in Wittenberg in the hopes of counteracting the influence of those which Luther nailed to the church doors. Fearing to come himself, Tetzel sent his agent to distribute them; but the students caught the agent, purchased some copies, snatched away the rest, and prevented any of them from getting into public circulation. They then placed a placard on the University "board," announcing the burning of Tetzel's theses in the market place at two o'clock in the afternoon, and urging all who desired to be present "at the funeral" to be there promptly at that hour. A great crowd assembled to witness the proceedings, and at the appointed time a fire was kindled and the theses committed to the flames. Only one copy escaped destruction, and this fell into Luther's hands, and was sent by him to Erfurt.

The nailing up of the theses was a crisis in Luther's life. But he who feared neither pope nor king, had taken his ground and was determined to keep it. Indulgences and pardons were only some of the many forms or methods by which the people were deceived and robbed, and so Luther dared to point out

other evils which came very close to pope and priest. Among these was the assertion that the clergy were only men. This was directly contrary to the teachings of the church.

The clergy, for many centuries, had made the people believe that they (the clergy) were a sort of supernatural party; that *they* held the keys of heaven and hell; that they had power to bind and loose at pleasure, and that on them the fate of every soul depended. Luther boldly and firmly attacked this doctrine, and affirmed that Apostolic succession was only a dream and that much of the boasted power of the church, the relics and the pope was only an ignorant superstition, an illusion and a base imposition.

This was a step in advance of the propositions directly embraced in the theses, and it was not long until a voice was heard from beyond the Alps. Something had to be done to stop this monk. Leo had discovered that his indulgences would not sell while Luther was preaching so vigorously and forcibly against them. He had also discovered that there was something more than a mere "squabble among the monks" up in Germany,

and wished to smother the disturbance. Nuncios and legates were sent, *not* to answer Luther, but to threaten or bribe him into silence.

This failing to answer the purpose, the pope, in August, 1518, commanded him to come to Rome to undergo what would now be called a trial for heresy. The pope even ordered the Elector of Saxony to arrest the "miserable monk" who could neither be frightened nor purchased, and bring him to Rome. But this, Frederick refused to do, and informed his papal highness that as it was a German affair it could best be settled in German territory.

This determination of Frederick no doubt saved Luther from imprisonment and perhaps from death, for who can say what the angry pope and the more angry priests and bishops might not have done if the reformer had been placed in their power. The pope yielded to Frederick, it was decided the investigation be made in Germany, and Luther was called from his quiet home in Wittenberg to face the papal legate, Cardinal Cajetan, in Augsburg, October 11-13, 1518. At this trial the

cardinal seemed desirous of being very lenient. He treated Luther good-humoredly, called him his son and told him that he required nothing of him but to speak one little word "*Revoco*"—I recant, or revoke. This Luther positively refused to do.

From this council Luther returned to Wittenberg, stealing secretly away at night on Oct. 19, fearing forcible detention. He left with his friends, however, "an appeal from the pope badly informed, to the pope to be better informed." This appeal was afterward nailed to the doors of the Augsburg Cathedral.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW months later Luther was summoned to appear at Leipsic, before the formidable Dr. Eck, his one time friend, but who was now beginning a course as one of his most bitter enemies.

What must have been his feelings as he left the walls of Wittenberg undefended, and without even a safe conduct, and with the fate of Huss in his mind, to face this overbearing papal legate! But he returned a victor from the conflict, having succeeded in trapping his wily opponent in the meshes of the very net which had been prepared and spread to catch the reformer. Eck charged Luther with denying the headship of the church. Luther would not admit the charge. "Then," cried out the excited doctor, "acknowledge the infallibility of the pope, for he is the head of the church."

This Luther also, denied, and when asked

by his opponent who *was* the head of the church, if not the pope? he calmly answered: "Jesus Christ, and he alone is infallible."

Eck was completely caught. He had either to reject the pope or Christ as the head of the church. He was ready to do neither; and so withdrew from the conflict badly beaten, and departed for Rome to stir up the pope to more active measures against this heretic monk.

At the diet at Augsburg, Luther would have conceded anything but the truth about free justification of all sinners who believe in Jesus Christ. He revered the pope and declared that he himself was no heretic; but at Leipsic he openly avowed his disbelief in the pope's authority to determine doctrine, and fearlessly and openly declared that the Hussites, who were considered in Saxony as heretics and enemies of the church, were right, and deserved credit and homage for confessing the truth in their doctrines. From this time on Luther and his faithful co-laborer, Melancthon, were forced to stand openly as the champions of God's word, and in direct conflict with the papacy.

But Eck, boiling with rage and chagrin, had already reached Rome and appealed to Leo to suppress the Wittenberg monk, whom he often designated as a "beast." In response to Eck's entreaties the pope launched his "Bull" against the reformer, calling him "a damned heretic," and denying him the right to live.

The news of this act reached Germany long before the bull made its appearance there. It aroused the antagonistic spirit of Luther and he sent forth his "Appeal to the Nobles of Germany," June 26, 1520. In this work he sets forth the awful condition of Italy; how her people were degraded, ignorant, and ground down in the depths of poverty; the demoralized spiritual condition of those who lived nearest to Rome, the very center or fountain-head of the church, and urged the Elector and the whole body of the German Nobility to save *their* land from a like fate.

He denounced the pope's temporal power and his magnificent revenues as directly contrary to the teachings and example of Jesus, whose Vicar he pretended to be, for He had

not where to lay His head; and also contrary to the doctrines of Peter, whose follower in Apostolic succession the pope professed to be. The humble fisherman of Galilee said: "Silver and gold have I none," while his pretended successor lived in excess of luxury and filled his coffers from the poverty of the people. "The people," according to Luther's words, "were playing with the husks while the pope was eating the fruit."

The Elector and his court waited patiently the result; but the people did not. The nation was stirred to its depths. The people were won over and rallied around the fearless writer, and in an incredibly short time for those days, four thousand copies of his appeal were sold. All Germany was aroused and ready to defend Luther before the "bull" reached Germany, while the entire population of Wittenberg, they who knew the reformer best, now fully considered that the pope whom they had blindly served so long, was nothing else than Antichrist.

The students of Wittenberg had already publicly burnt the denunciations against Luther which Tetzel had substituted for a

reply to the theses; and now a fire of far greater moment was about to be kindled. Just outside the walls of the city, near the Elster Thor (the eastern gate, which is still standing in good preservation, a remnant of the old wall) stands an oak tree near the roadside, in a small garden surrounded by an iron fence. On this oak, known as "The Luther tree," there is nailed an inscription, written in German, stating that under this very tree, on Dec. 10, 1520, Luther publicly burnt the papal "bull" which Leo X had sent against him from Rome.

The fire was kindled. One of the Masters from the university threw into the flames a copy of the decretals which consisted of the false epistle of St. Clement and some other alleged ancient papers upon which the claims of the Church of Rome are founded, but which were declared by the professors, and since have been admitted by the Romanists themselves, to have been forgeries. When these papers had disappeared in smoke and ashes, Luther calmly stepped forward and solemnly placed in the flames the formidable "bull"

of Leo. X, which was issued with all that papal power before which rulers and crowned heads had trembled and bowed in meek submission.

The burning of these papers was like the lighting of a beacon fire on some high mountain top which was to call the attention of the whole world to this new ray, of an old truth, now breaking through the darkness that had shrouded it so long. Luther knew full well the greatness and awfulness of his act. For centuries Rome had not pronounced a sentence of condemnation which she was not able to execute; and while the hearts of the students and citizens who stood around that tree on that memorable day leaped with joy at the foreshadowing of freedom, they trembled in fear for the brave monk who had thus kindled a fire that would soon set the heavens of the spiritual world of man glowing with a new and better light.

But as the earth leaps into a newness of life after a long winter of bondage to ice and snow, springing into beauty in response to the showers of April and the sunshine of May, so the hearts of the people, imprisoned

through many generations by the fetters of Roman superstition and the night of religious ignorance, sprang up and rejoiced in the hope of a brighter dawn, the first beams of which were so plainly seen by the light of that fire, and fed by the missal of the false follower of Peter. The thunders of the Vatican had reached Germany but had not silenced the German monk.

Luther fully expected now, sooner or later, to be made a sacrifice to papal rage and bigotry, even as Huss a hundred years before (July 6, 1415) had been sacrificed. But he knew that such an act on the part of the church would only hasten the time of Germany's deliverance; and as the Vatican officials had already burnt his books and were longing to submit him to the same fate, he had answered by burning the papal bull; and so defied the pope with all his professed Apostolic and supernatural power to do his worst.

On the morrow the lecture rooms were more crowded than ever. Luther was expected to give an address on the occurrence of yesterday, but to the great surprise of his

audience he gave a lecture on the Psalms and never referred to the incident of the day before until he was through with his lecture, then he only mentioned it in a general way, intimating that the struggle with Rome was not yet over.

But whatever commands might issue from the Vatican, and however ignorant and bigoted priests might fume and rage, the people were now, by a mighty tie, drawn more closely to Luther than ever before. More than two thousand students, coming from Germany, The Netherlands, France, Italy, Hungary and even England now sat daily at the feet of Luther and Melancthon; and many of these students would have defended their beloved masters with their lives. But above students and people stood the Elector Frederick of whom it was said: "He loved his people," and the pope with all his alleged power was not in condition to despise such a protection.

The last cord that bound Luther to the papal church was now broken. Retreat for him was not desired nor was it possible. For him to stand still was just as impossible. The

pope could not sit with idle hands while his authority had been publicly denied and condemned. Luther would not allow the night of superstition and ignorance which had begun to lift, to settle again upon himself and the world; and it was God's plan to place the light that had begun to shine so brightly, upon a *higher* hill that it might be seen yet farther; and on March 24, 1521, a summons reached Wittenberg. It came not from the pope borne by papal legate, but borne by Gaspard Strum, a herald of Charles V, and from the Emperor himself; summoning Luther to appear before a diet to be held at Worms, April 17, 1521.

As soon as it was discovered that he was preparing to comply with the command of the emperor, his friends earnestly protested against his going, even though Charles V had granted him a safe conduct. They reminded him of the fate of Huss, whose safe conduct was utterly disregarded by the representatives of the pope, and even by him who had granted it. They reminded him of the open declaration of the Romanists that they were not bound by any law of justice to

keep faith with heretics. Luther was soon to see how nearly this principle was to prevail at the diet to which he was going when Charles was urged by the papal legates to break his faith and disregard his safe conduct.

Luther left Wittenberg, April second, 1521. Many of his friends gathered around him, feeling that they would never see him again; for they had no faith whatever in Roman Catholic consistency, nor in the safe conduct of Charles who was so largely controlled by the Roman church. Melancthon (though present with him at the diet) thought at this time that his dear old friend would never return to Wittenberg, and Luther himself seemed to feel that this might be the case; for as he entered the carriage he said to Melancthon in faltering tones: "Should I not return, and should my enemies put me to death, oh! my brother, cease not to teach and abide steadfast in the truth. Labor in my place, for I shall not be able to labor for myself. If you be spared, it matters little that I perish." Then he drove off to Worms.

On his journey peasants blessed him, men and women of the common people thronged around him and urged him not to trust his life to his enemies. At Erfurt, sixty burghers and professors escorted him with great splendor along the streets crowded with grateful people, and along which sixteen years before he had begun his work as a monk, when with sack thrown over his shoulder he begged from door to door for scraps of bread and meat for himself and others of his order. In this town he had also spent several years as a student and professor in the university.

Passing through Erfurt he proceeded on his journey to the diet, but just outside the walls of Worms, a messenger sent by his old friend, Spalatin, met him, and urged him to turn aside and not to enter the city. To this messenger Luther replied: "Go tell your master that if there were as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on the roofs, yet would I go in." And he went in under an escort of a hundred cavaliers who met him at the gate. Thousands of people crowded each other on the streets to get a glimpse of the man who had openly defied the pope.

Some were his friends but others were his enemies. Some of them had even snatched his writings from the book stalls and had publicly burnt them.

To enter into the proceedings of this council or diet, is foreign to the scope of our subject, other than to say that the Romanists resorted to many plans and much trickery to have Luther retract. This he refused to do unless they could prove from the Bible that his writings were contrary to the teachings of Scripture. The papal legates refused to debate the scriptural bearing of the question, and Luther, standing there before the Emperor and his court as well as a great body of ecclesiastical officials who were present, modestly but firmly declared that unless this proof was produced he would never retract; and closed with those memorable words that have sounded down through the centuries. "Here I stand. I can do no other, God help me."

When the representatives of Rome learned that they could not gain their end by force or persuasion, they tried everything in their power to have him handed over to the tender

mercies of the pope or his legate. They urged upon the Emperor that a safe conduct should not be kept with a heretic. They might have prevailed in the end if it had not been that many of the German Knights and Nobles protested so vigorously, declaring that they would never permit such a blot to come on German honor; and that the conduct *must* be kept, though all the adherents of Rome should protest otherwise.

Ulrich Von Hutten even announced that the conduct *must* be kept, and if Luther's life was taken, he and his fellow Knights would have the life of Cardinal Campagio in return. This had the desired effect and the violation of the conduct was not further urged upon the Emperor.

Not being satisfied with trying by the most insidious means to get Luther to recant, and unable to gain the Emperor's non regard for the pledge he had given Luther, one of the priests, more wily than the rest, as a last resort appealed to Luther to surrender the conduct and thus show the world that he was ready to put *all* his confidence in the truth for which he was willing to die; and so abide

the issues of a "fair discussion." Luther had almost yielded to the tender persuasions of the priest, when a knight who was present saw through the treacherous scheme, and without ceremony roughly ejected the priest from the house.

CHAPTER VII.

The diet closed in discomfiture for Leo and his representatives, and Luther, the real victor, began his journey to Wittenberg April 26th. His journey *to* Worms had been a triumphal march; but his return was even more glorious. As he went, people looked upon him as a martyr being led to the stake, but on his return they hailed him as their deliverer.

While he was yet on his way homeward, the terrible *edict* was sent forth from Worms. This edict was written *after* the diet had been adjourned, and *after* Luther's departure from Worms; but it was *ante-dated* seventeen days in order to give it the appearance of the action of the whole assembly. This shows how faithful the Roman church can be, as she always *has* been, to serve her own purposes and interests. The terrible edict branded Luther, not only as a

heretic, but also as an outlaw. It denied him the kindly attention of friends or strangers; the right to enter *any* house for food or shelter, and even the right to live.

This was not the act of a man. It was the act of Satan covered with a monk's cowl, acting under the authority of him who sat in the Vatican wearing the pallium (false symbol of purity and holiness) which was stained by the blood of Huss who was burnt at the stake through the machinations of Pope John XXIII. But such are the gentle and loving ways with which the Romish church has ever dealt with her erring children, i. e, those who have seen fit to think for themselves and have wandered from her fold.

Such was her love on St. Bartholomew's night, Aug. 23-24, 1672, fifty-one years after, when the murder of sixty thousand people who had dared to leave her ranks, caused such rejoicing at Rome that a medal was struck by the order of Pope Clement X, commemorating the diabolical deed. Such was her love for the Netherlands in the years 1523-1526, when fifty-thousand people were slain because they dared to worship God

in a manner different from that prescribed by Rome. Such was her love during the reign of Bloody Mary in England between 1554-1558, when Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, and more than three hundred were burnt because they believed in Christ rather than the pope. Such has been her record through the ages: such *might* be her record to-day if she only had the power.

Charles V has been commended for his honor in keeping faith with Luther and not handing him over to the priests as Huss had been delivered to them at Constance. But it was with no feeling of honor, humanity or regard for Luther's work that he kept faith with the reformer. Did he not sanction the terrible edict against Luther seventeen days *after* the council had disbanded, though antedating that decree so as to make it appear as the action of the whole council? Did he not a few days later declare to his confessor that he "would execute before the very window at which they were standing, the first man who shall declare himself a Lutheran after the publication of *my* edict?" Did not his dreadfully inhuman conduct toward the

Netherlands, a few years later, prove that it was *policy* rather than honor, that caused him *not* to violate his pledge? The true secret of it all was that he was not ready to be publicly led by the pope, and also because he had a wholesome fear of the Elector Frederick, whom he knew to be Luther's friend and protector, and to whom he also knew that he himself owed his crown.

On his way home Luther spent a few days at Eisenach, the scene of his boyhood struggles against poverty, and then passed on to Mora, a small town where he spent a short time with his grand-parents and others of his relatives. He left this village on the morning of May fourth, intending to go direct to Wittenberg. He had proceeded only a short distance when, in a lonely place in the forest, he was seized by a band of disguised men and carried a prisoner to the Wartberg castle. His captors were really his friends, delegated to this task by Frederick the Elector, who was owner of the castle.

The edict of Worms placed Luther under the Imperial ban. It forbade any one to

give him food or shelter, and commanded that he should be seized wherever found and handed over at once to his enemies. Fearing that through the influence of this edict Luther might fall into the hands of his foes, Frederick captured him and had him conveyed to this retreat of safety.

This castle crowns a steep hill, and at that time was reached by a narrow winding bridle-path leading through dense forests. The hill at the present time is surrounded and covered with heavy timber, but a good stone road leads by easy ascent and many windings, up to the old castle which still stands as a grim sentinel at the top of the mountain. In this retreat he was kept for almost a year, dressed as a knight and known as "Knight George." Then news reached him of an agitation caused by two Anabaptist fanatics who had arrived in Wittenberg, and he determined to return and quiet the turmoil.

We will leave Luther for a time in his hill-top prison, and hastily follow the events that transpired at Wittenberg during those ten months.

Before Luther was taken to the Wartburg, and shortly after he had burnt the papal bull,

the students of Wittenberg University dressed up one of their number as a pope, others as cardinals, bishops, etc. They then formed themselves into a grand procession and marched with mock solemnity through the streets toward the river. Other students, not in the procession, feigned an attack, when these monks, cardinals and bishops fearing the mock pope would be captured, seized him and pretended as though they would throw him into the river. His holy highness did not like this idea, and breaking loose ran away. The bishops and cardinals also ran, going in different directions, hiding in dark alleys and corners of the streets. They were hotly pursued by other students and chased wildly through the town, to the great amusement of the citizens.

Of course this was all a burlesque, and Luther would much rather it had never occurred; but it serves to show what the mind of the students was at that time toward the Roman church and her ecclesiastical dignitaries.

Melancthon, "The Theologian of Germany," came to Wittenberg in 1518. Luther

was called to Worms in 1521; so that almost three years of mutual benefit and pleasure had passed since their meeting; years which drew them ever closer together, but now Luther was seized and carried away, Melancthon knew not where. The voice to which all Germany listened was silent. These hearts so constant and true were now separated and Melancthon dwelt in sadness in Wittenberg, frequently declaring that he would rather die than lose Luther.

His tender heart and sympathetic nature were sorely tried; but one day, in the midst of his gloom, he received a letter from Luther, dated from "The Isle of Patmos," which caused him to cry out in joy: "Our beloved father lives." But in the very midst of this joy a saddening thought struck him. He knew that Luther was alive, but he also knew that the terrible edict of Worms had been scattered far and near, some even reaching the Tyrol Mountains; and he thought that in accordance with that edict, his beloved father would either be kept in captivity for life, or be slain by his enemies.

In accordance with this edict, Luther was

"Under the excommunication of the pope; under the ban of the Emperor; branded as a heretic; sentenced as a traitor; reviled by the emperor's edict as 'a fool;' a blasphemer, a devil clothed in a monk's cowl, and it was made treason to give him food or shelter; and a virtue to deliver him to death."

In whose power, then, was he? If in the hands of friends, why did he not let his friends at Wittenberg know? If he were in the hands of his enemies what was there then to hope for? These thoughts filled Melancthon with sadness, for though these two men were the direct opposites of each other in many ways, the one massive in physique; bold and defiant in nature; boisterous and rude, with kind heart and indomitable courage; the other slight of frame; timid in nature; delicate and refined in manner and also with a kind heart, but when aroused, of great courage, they were bound together by the unseen but exceeding strong cord of love and mutual respect. And underneath it all there was the earnest belief in the same book, the Bible; and interest in the same work; the making that Bible known to the people.

Melancthon did not permit his grief to take him from his studies. The enemies of the Reformation who were rejoicing at the disappearance of Luther were to find in Melancthon an antagonist not to be despised. In 1521 he published his great theological work "On the Common Places of Theology," which won much favor among the learned toward the reformation. Luther, especially rejoiced over it, and all through his life regarded it very highly. It clearly refuted many calumnies, and swept away many prejudices against the reformation doctrine, and also placed Melancthon before the world as a strong supporter of Luther.

He even went a step farther and took up the quarrel with the Sorbonne of Paris, the foremost institution of learning at that time in the world, but which, having been led astray by the fanatic Roman Catholics, Beda and one or two others, had accused Luther of heresy because he claimed that God pardoned sins fully and freely without the intervention of pope or priest, and without the payment in money for such forgiveness; also, because he

openly declared that it was against the will of the Holy Spirit to burn heretics.

In this quarrel Melancthon not only defends Luther and the doctrines he proclaimed, but he openly attacks the enemy. He boldly accused the Sorbonne of having hidden from the people the gospel and substituting for Christianity an empty philosophy. He charged the Sorbonne itself with being the seat of heresy, and claimed for Wittenberg the honor of being the seat of true orthodoxy.

Looking, as we do, through the haze and shadows of almost four centuries, this act of Melancthon's is apt to lose much of its significance, and cause us to overlook much of what it might have meant for him. The terrible edict of Worms was hanging over Luther, urging his capture or his death. Luther himself, was a prisoner, no one seemed to know where; and no one save his captors, knew whether he had not fallen among his enemies. The Roman power seemed triumphant, and what might she not do to vent her wrath upon Melancthon if she were to find in him another champion against the old, decayed and falling papal church?

It was no small act therefore, of Melancthon's, for it might mean for him excommunication; the ban of the church and of the emperor; exile or even death at the stake. Yet he seemed not to have considered the probable consequences, but took up with mighty hand his weapon against papal theological errors, and joined fearlessly in the conflict with the most advanced college in the land.

Luther was silent. The populace demanded to know what had become of him. The courage of the priests wavered before the popular cry for the reformer, and the leaders of the Roman church would have given much to have had a word from him to quiet the excited people; but after a time the courage returned to some of the boldest of Rome's adherents, and Albert Elector, Archbishop of Mentz, while at Halle, thought, that as Luther was in prison and thus out of the way, and the reformation apparently dead, it was pretty safe to begin again the sale of indulgences. He therefore called together some mendicant friars and told them to at once begin the work. But Luther, though a pris-

oner, heard of this act and immediately began a treatise against "The new Idol of Halle."

News that this thesis was about to be launched from the prison walls reached Halle about the middle of October. Albert was surprised and terrified. He thought Luther was silenced and would be heard of no more, but now the terror of the reformer's wrath was about to be sent upon him, and he dispatched two of his adherents to Wittenberg to prevail upon Melancthon to use his influence against the fury of Luther, and urge him into silence. They wished to allay the storm about to be raised by the coming thesis, and approaching Melancthon, told him that Luther *must* be less impetuous. They were received courteously by Melancthon but when they had made known to him their business, he simply told them that "God was moving Luther," and that the age needed "a bitter pungent salt."

Baffled in this, they turned their endeavors toward the court of the Elector, and to a great extent won Frederick and his court to their favor; the Elector even declaring

that he would not allow Luther to write against the Archbishop of Mentz nor disturb the tranquillity of the public again.

The book against the "New Idol of Halle" was almost finished however, and hastening to completion; and Luther sent to Albert a letter declaring that if he did not immediately stop the sale of indulgences, and let him know within a fortnight, that he (Luther) would publish his thesis against the new "Idol" in spite of all opposition.

The fear of such an act was more than the Archbishop could brave (or was it perhaps his conscience that prompted him?) and he wrote to Luther, humbly yielding to his commands. The sale of indulgences was stopped.

What a mighty power to be yielded by a humble monk, born of peasant parents, excommunicated, under the ban of Emperor and pope, and imprisoned in a lonely castle surrounded by dense forests. Yet it was the *right,* the *truth,* conquering and triumphing over wrong and falsehood. It was the light driving out the darkness; it was GOD winning the victory over Satan.

CHAPTER VIII.

During this period of Luther's captivity, Zwilling, a monk and chaplain to the convent, was preaching the reformed doctrine with much power, to great congregations in the Town Church of Wittenberg. He denounced monasticism in the severest terms. Thirteen monks, largely influenced by him had left the convent and assumed the ordinary citizen's dress. Feldkirchen of Kembry, had broken the vows of the monastic order and had married. Communion in both kinds had been administered, and the council of Wittenberg, in conjunction with the university, took action to regulate the Lord's Supper regardless of pope or priest; and decided not to tolerate in their midst mendicant or begging friars. Thus the mass, Rome's strongest bulwark, fell; and with it, much of the worship of the host, the pope and the priests; and this worship, now turned away from hollow mockeries which had held

it so long, was to return to its proper and worthy object, Jesus of Nazareth. Thus we see that though the great leader was withdrawn for a time from sight, others were taking up the work and waging a valiant warfare against the mockery of religion.

Many thought the absence of Luther would prove the downfall of the reformation, but his imprisonment was rather a blessing in disguise than a curse or a drawback. When he stood at the diet of Worms, the eyes of all Europe were fixed upon him more as a man than upon the religious truths he was teaching; but when he was confined for ten months in the castle on the mountain top, the minds of the people had time to turn from the *man* to the *doctrines* he proclaimed. It also served to turn aside any danger to the people of making a sort of idol of him who stood so fearlessly before his persecutors, and directed the thought of Germany, and indeed of all Europe toward the true source of life. The *man* was now withdrawn; his stamp was no longer to mark the work.—That work was now to bear the mark or stamp of GOD alone.

Luther had time, while in his mountain re-

treat, to work on his translation of the Bible; and when he put forth that book in the language of the people, he himself withdrew, and the light of God's truth alone shone out. He was impatient in his confinement however, and determined to visit his friends in Wittenberg, if only for a day or two that he might become more fully acquainted with whatever might be transpiring there.

We can easily understand some of his impatience and anxiety when we consider how much he had suffered and dared in behalf of the new movement; how his very life was wrapped up in it, and how little news could reach him as to the progress of that movement. So in the latter part of November, 1521, he left the Wartburg, dressed in the garb of a knight. On the way at an inn he was suspected of being Luther by some of his friends, but was unmolested, and reached Wittenberg Dec. 1st.

He remained three days, spending most of his time at the house of Hieronymous Schruff, where he received from Melancthon, Justus Jonas, Amsdorf and Augustine Shruff, a narrative of all that had taken place

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since he left Wittenberg for the diet of Worms. He then returned to his castle prison, his heart cheered by this meeting with his friends, and by learning from them the progress the reformation had made. But this ray of sunshine which had fallen across his pathway was soon to be darkened by a cloud which was even then preparing to settle over Wittenberg.

It was the closing month of 1521, that he returned with lightened mind and cheered heart, from the seat of strife to his home of confinement. On the twenty-seventh day of the same month the "New Prophets," (Anabaptists) Storch, Thomas and Stubner, came to Wittenberg and claimed that God had sent them to teach the people. In consequence of the disorder that naturally arose in the discussion of the Mass; monastic orders; the teachings of the Anabaptists, etc., many of the citizens were led astray and among them Carlstadt. Storch and his companions called on Melancthon for his views on their teaching, but he would not express a decided opinion concerning them. He was unsettled in his own mind as to what spirit might be

directing them, and he desired to make no mistake by a decision which might afterward prove wrong and also, because they said that they appealed to Luther and would be satisfied to leave the whole affair with him.

They declared that revelation had been made to them directly from heaven; that God had given them a special power for rightly interpreting the Scriptures; that the Turks would invade and conquer Germany; that the end of the world would come in a few years, and that at that time priests and all sinful men would be slain by the wrath of God through the medium of the Turks, and that only those who accepted the doctrines which *they* proclaimed would be saved."

Such were their professions, and it is no wonder that Melancthon, with his conscientious nature, hesitated against taking a decided stand against them for fear of making an awful mistake and be found fighting against God. But that he *was* undecided proves to us that he was not ready to fall into error; for he says: "There are indeed, extraordinary spirits in these men, but *what* spirits?"

The Elector also hesitated, and while he hesitated the excitement ran higher. It seemed that within the household of the reformation itself an enemy had been turned loose to tear away its life. Pope and priest looked on in glee. Nero is said to have fiddled and sung and danced while Rome was being enwrapped in flames and sinking in ashes to her destruction, and now the pontiff at Rome, and his servile tools throughout continental Europe, were secretly laughing and rejoicing at the distractions that were raging within the bosom of the reformation; for they well knew that "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

The citizens of Wittenberg who had the real interest of the reformation at heart began to call for Luther, believing that he alone could quiet the disturbance. That call reached the Wartberg. Luther heard it and determined to risk all dangers; go to Wittenberg at once; quiet the minds of the now almost distracted people and drive the disturbers from the town. He left his castle prison March 3, 1522, and reached the scene of turmoil the following Friday.

Luther had attacked Rome with weapons forged from theological study. The revival of learning had prepared the way for that study, and he had based all his hopes for the advancement of truth and light upon the higher education (in a true sense) of the clergy, and through them of the people. But the "New Prophets" proclaimed that such education was unnecessary, and soon found followers in Wittenberg who took up this belief. Even Carlstadt, the oldest professor in the university, advised the students under his instruction to go home and take up the spade or guide the plow; for so had the commandment gone forth that in the sweat of his face should man eat his bread. Others urged that as the new prophets were uneducated and yet were prophets from God, it was unnecessary for *any* of the clergy to be educated; that a mechanic or a farmer was as well fitted to preach and become a minister of the gospel as the most learned Doctor in the world. In short, that education had nothing to do with the work.

This was sad news to Luther and he determined to battle against it. He had no

fears as to the victory, for he who had conquered the pontiff at Rome and put his representatives to flight, could without fear enter the arena against such men as were preaching these doctrines. It was a bold step for Luther to take, however, with the edict of Worms still hanging over him, but he preached publicly the next Sunday in the old Town Church, on the subject of Patience, Charity, and Faith in God to finish the work He had begun. The building was crowded with earnest, anxious listeners and for eight days he continued to preach upon these themes, and succeeded in calling the people back from the extravagant teachings of the Anabaptists, who slunk away for a time into oblivion.

At the end of the eighth day Luther had accomplished that for which he had left the Wartberg. He had quieted and set aright the excited and turbulent populace of the city which, a few days before, had tossed about as a restless sea. All was now calm and peaceful. His victory at Worms was not greater than that over these disturbers of God's household in his own home, and his power to lead back into the fold his straying

sheep was a manifestation of as much greatness as to defy the power of pope and emperor.

Luther brought with him from the Wartberg, the manuscript of his translation of the Bible into German; and now he and Melancthon set diligently to work to revise and send it out book by book until a part, or finally the whole, found its way into even the humblest households. It was published without name or title other than "The New Testament, German, Wittenberg."

When Rome heard of this, a cry of anger went up from her walls which was echoed from cells of selfish monks, and re-echoed from the palace of the Emperor of Spain. For eight hundred years kings and rulers had bowed in humble submission to Rome with only *one* notable exception, Henry III, Emperor of Germany, who controlled church and state alike, independent of Rome. No throne seemed so secure as not to tremble when she spoke; no will so strong as not to break or bend at the word of the pope. At his secret, and sometimes *open* command, nation moved against nation in battle array.

At the sound of his voice the people had permitted themselves to be overshadowed by the darkness of ignorance; but now, Luther, a humble German monk, had risen to turn the tide and send the influence of the word of God thundering against the walls of the "Holy City," and to beat vehemently at the very gates of the Vatican.

Luther had been in Wittenberg after the Wartberg imprisonment a little more than three months when Henry VIII, of England, "Invincible king," and future "Defender of the Faith," etc. etc., wrote his work defending the seven sacraments. Soon after this event Leo X died and was succeeded by Adrian VI, a native of Utrecht, who was at first mild toward the reformation, but who became a most cruel persecutor.

In 1522, near the close of the year, Luther heard of the awful work which Charles V had begun in Antwerp. The gospel was being preached with great power in the Antwerp Convent by several monks who had visited Wittenberg, and who had received through the teachings of Melancthon and Luther, a ray of the true light. Great crowds gathered

to hear them. They were sick and dying of teachings and preachers who gave them nothing but glosses and formulas, and they were thirsting after the waters which flow from the gospels and the epistles. This proceeding was contrary to the desire of the pope, and Charles closed the convent, sold the sacred vessels, and many men and women who had so gladly listened to the word of life, were seized and thrown into prisons or dungeons.

Luther's heart was saddened. The Roman Church had now begun, and Luther predicted that she would not stop her persecutions until she had shed the life blood of many who took their stand for Christ. This gloomy prediction was soon fulfilled. The closing of the convent and the throwing into dungeons of those who dared to differ from her, was only the preparation of more severe measures.

On the first day of July, 1523, just a little more than two years after the diet at Worms, John Esch and Henry Voes, who had been preaching the new, yet old, old doctrine in Antwerp, were led to the stake and burnt be-

cause they claimed that God alone had power to forgive sins, and that it was a false assumption of priest or pope to pretend to have such power in *any* degree. Thus were the first martyrs of the reformation called upon to yield up their lives for the truth.

While Luther was filled with sorrow at this outbreak of persecution, he was also filled with a great joy at the brave, yet humble manner in which these youthful sufferers died, and at the witness they bore for Christ.

The fagots which were now lighted in earnest at command of pope and Emperor, threw out the first gleaming of the great conflagration that was rapidly approaching, and it is claimed that in three years, 1523 to 1526, five hundred thousand Netherlanders, who confessed Christ above the pope, were slain by Charles V.

CHAPTER IX.

On September 14th, 1523, Adrian VI died, and was succeeded by Clement VII, who "thought only of upholding the papacy at whatever cost," and of "employing its resources for his own aggrandizement." He set to work at once in a determined effort to root out heresy and began a bloody persecution throughout Germany. He filled the country with inquisitorial spies. The Peasant war broke out, against which Luther raised his voice. Charles raised the cry of "Down with the Lutherans." Cardinal Campagio, the wily instrument of the pope, was striving hard to divide Germany into two hostile parties by causing Germans to oppose Germans and thus bring about their own destruction.

The diet of Ratisbon was held in June 1524, and decided to enforce the edict of Worms which, on account of the general de-

fiance of the people, had been a dead letter for three years. This council also decided to discard all married priests from the states represented in the council, and to recall all students of these states who were studying at Wittenberg or any other place infected with the principles of the reformation.

On May fifth, 1525, Frederick the Elector and friend of the reformation as well as the protector of Luther, sank in death after receiving communion in both kinds at the hands of his faithful chaplain Spalatin. Thus all things seemed to combine against Luther and his work. The fires of persecution were burning with fearful glow all over the Netherlands. Campagio was striving to stir up turmoil among the Germans to secure their division, and was all too successful in his attempts. Frederick had been almost appalled and driven to silence by a fearfully condemnatory brief from Adrian; the Emperor had cried out for the suppression of the Lutherans; the diet of Ratisbon had declared its intention of enforcing the edict of Worms which meant, if enforced, the death of the reformer upon whom clouds of a darker shadow

were now fallen through the death of Frederick. His soul was filled with anguish at this last stroke, and he cried out in bitterness: "Oh bitter death to all whom Frederick has left behind."

At this time, and when the people were wondering where Luther would turn and what he would do, he did just what was not expected of him. He married, and took for his bride an ex-nun named Catherine Von Bora, a lady of great piety and noble family. Catherine had been in the convent of Nimptsch, near Grimma in Saxony, and with eight other nuns of the same institution, reasoning that it was against the teachings of Scripture and the prompting of conscience to live in seclusion and under such regulations, escaped from the monastery, and on April 7, 1523, arrived before the Augustinian Convent of Wittenberg.

Luther was rejoiced over their action, and exclaimed that though this were not his doing, "would to God that I could thus rescue *all* captive consciences, and empty all cloisters." He found homes for them and becoming impressed with his duty to break still farther

from Rome as well as to establish a home for himself, he was married to Catherine on June 11, 1525.

Rome had begun to believe that she was gaining ground, and was preparing to rejoice over the victory she was sure would soon be hers when the news of this act of Luther's reached her ears. It fell in the midst of the Vatican, and in the convents of lazy and abandoned monks as a death-dealing shell fired from the guns of a retreating enemy falls in the ranks of the pursuing army. It scattered dismay and terror on every hand. It raised a cry of horror from Rome and from convents all over the land. Calumny, blame, and denunciation were heaped upon Luther at every turn. Henry VIII, immoral as he was, exclaimed: "It is incest!" but Melancthon came nobly to Luther's defence, declaring that there was "nothing improper or contrary to the teachings of the Scripture in his actions."

It cannot be doubted that, in the face of all opposition, this marriage of Luther and Catherine, a monk and a nun, opened many convents of both sexes and caused hundreds of

men and women whose lives had been well nigh burlesques, to go out into the world to establish happy homes; to fill honorable and useful positions in society, and to do a real service for God as well as man; in short, to fill their rightful places in the world.

No wonder that Rome raised the cry of anger and alarm. No wonder that that cry was echoed throughout the land from walls of pope-ridden cloisters, for this daring monk had one by one, set aside all the laws, rules, commands and customs of the Holy Roman Catholic Church with which he did not agree. First on October 31, 1517, the theses which he nailed on the church door in Wittenberg openly denounced the corruption of priest and church, and ridiculed and condemned the sale of indulgences, thus stirring up the people to resist this robbery, and as a result stopping one of the principal channels of gain which had for many years flowed into the coffers of Rome. Second; on December 10, 1520, by openly defying the ecclesiastical power of the pope and publicly burning the "bull" sent against him, accompanied with all the anathemas of Leo X. He thus lessened

the fear of the Roman curse and excommunication in the hearts of the German people.

Third; in June, 1521, David Zwiling, a former monk of the Wittenberg convent declared publicly that it was sacrilege to worship the host; and claimed that *all* members of the church had perfect right to receive the sacraments under both kinds; and also denounced in strong terms, the whole system of monastic orders. Communion under both kinds had actually been administered in the church. Fourth; the town council of Wittenberg, in conjunction with the faculty of the university, took action to regulate the Lord's Supper regardless of desire or command of pope or priest.

Thus the organization of the Roman Church was being undermined, and the mass, Rome's stronghold, fell, and with it much of the worship of priest, pope and church. Fifth; in 1522, Luther braved the ban of Emperor and pope, returned to Wittenberg, and with the aid of Melancthon, in direct opposition to the will of Emperor and pope, scattered all over the land the Scriptures

printed in the common language of the people and thus placed within their hands the light of that truth so much dreaded by Rome even to this day. And now, as the sixth and last act of open defiance, Luther, a monk, enters the marriage state, and takes for his wife a woman who had been a nun.

But Luther cared little for Rome's howls of rage; her excommunications or her anathemas. He had followed the dictates of his conscience as it had been illuminated by the Holy Scriptures and guided by the Holy Spirit. He knew that he was right, and the raging of the Roman Church was not to turn him aside. The monk had become a Christian; he had left the cell, the cowl and the old worn out lifeless husk of idleness, seclusion and superstition; he had completely severed his connection with the papal church, and had entered fully upon the beauties of active usefulness.

By his marriage he transformed the lonely Augustinian convent into a home; and the happy voices of children, offspring of former priest and nun, were heard ringing joyously through those old stone halls where, not many

years before, had been heard the chanting of monks; the dreary echo of their footsteps along the stony pavement below, and the groans of those who were afflicting their bodies in vain effort to purify their souls.

Mrs. Luther was as courageous, self-sacrificing, as desirous of the growth of the reformation and as willing to submit all things to the direction and will of God as was her husband. This was clearly shown in 1527, when Luther was taken so sick that he thought he would have to leave his beloved Catherine a widow, with little Hans, a baby. He sadly reminded her that he had nothing to leave her save some silver tankards which had been presented him by some friends, but she bravely replied: "Dear Doctor, if it be God's will, then I choose that you be with Him rather than with me. It is not so much I or my children even that need you, as the multitude of pious Christians. Trouble not yourself about me."

His home life was a happy one; but it was not without its clouds, for in May, 1527, his second child, Elizabeth, died, and his letters to friends written soon after, reveal how sick

and sore it had left his heart. In Dec. 1542, the shadow again fell across his threshold, and his oldest child died, yet in the midst of it all he never raised a murmur against Him who had permitted the affliction to come.

Luther had many dark days in Wittenberg, but the darkest of all, perhaps, was when the Elector Frederick, in 1518, had no power to interpose in his behalf, and for a moment felt under the necessity of banishing him from the domain. Luther had, under his instructions, prepared to leave Wittenberg, and was turning his face toward France as the most desirable place of refuge. On the evening which he had arranged for his departure, he was sitting with some friends at a sort of farewell supper when a messenger came from Frederick urging him to hasten away, and asking why he lingered so long.

This was a sad message. His former protector, his beloved Frederick, had cast him off and begrudged him even a few moments' farewell intercourse with friends. It seemed to be the last blow to crush the bleeding heart; the last fury of the tempest to break the bended reed. He felt it in all its power and

keenness, but instantly rose above the trials of the hour and was preparing to depart when the tide suddenly changed, and a second message was received which asked Luther to remain, at least for the present, in Wittenberg.

Another painful trial was his conflict with Erasmus, who was urged by pope, Emperor Charles V, and Henry VIII, to join their ranks and attack Luther with the pen. Luther urged Erasmus to desist; to do nothing; to remain idle as to the reformation etc. etc., but in 1525, in spite of these urgings and much waverings between two opinions, Erasmus published his "Freedom of the Will" which was immediately answered and refuted by Luther in his "Bondage of the Will."

This conflict was long and bitter, and was all the harder for Luther, as Erasmus had really prepared the way for the reformation in Germany by his bitter sarcasm against the whole papal system, and also because on account of this very fact, Luther had hoped that Erasmus would cast in his influence finally and wholly with the reformation.

Erasmus did not favor the Roman church, which made it all the harder for him. He de-

sired reform, but of a more moderate type than that advocated by Luther, and on December 6th, 1520, four days before the burning of the papal bull, in a letter to the legate Campagio, he stated that he had perceived that the better, the more learned and Christian a man was, the less he was Luther's enemy. Yet Erasmus was a moral and mental coward, and cast his voice and influence with the hierarchy simply because he feared the great odds that were arrayed against the reformation.

Luther was conqueror in this as well as in so many other conflicts, and Erasmus, driven to what he did by pope, bishop, emperor and king, seems never to have been fully satisfied by the position he had taken.

In 1525, while at Wittenberg, Luther received news of the martyrdom of Leclerc, the first victim of the reformation in France, who was burnt in Metz. The fires had not yet subsided in the Netherlands, though thousands of lives had been yielded up in the flames, and now they were to break forth anew in all the fury of Roman persecution in France. Luther well knew that the burn-

ing of Leclerc was only the advance signal of hundreds of such fires that would soon throw the dark shadows of shame across the pages of papal history.

It was from Wittenberg, also, that Luther entered into the sacramental controversy with Zwingli, which resulted in the conference of Marburg in October, 1529. This conference really did nothing toward settling the difference, but during the discussion Luther showed his impetuosity—and may we not say his narrowness—by not only refusing to accede to the opinion of Zwingli and others, but by actually refusing to part with them as brothers in Christ, though with tears they earnestly supplicated him to do so.

Thus the years rolled on, surging with mighty events, the storm raging more furiously now, and then again growing calmer, but having always for its center this little town, and *in* this town the fearless monk who defied the power of the Emperor, thrust aside the attack of "The Invincible King of England," and cast into the flames the dreadful weapon of the pope.

With slight breaks here and there, the re-

mainder of his life was spent in Wittenberg, but he was not to die there. His old enemy, Charles V, on account of fear from the threatened Turkish invasion, was compelled by his subjects to make peace with Luther; else, they said: "they would withhold their support from him in his endeavor to stop the tide of Solomon's invasion." But around him, whom anathemas and bulls from Rome, diets at home and edicts of Emperors could not move, the clouds which no man can dispel or escape, were rapidly gathering.

While suffering from poverty and overwork, he was called from Wittenberg to his old home to settle a dispute concerning certain rights of church patronage that had arisen between the Mansfield brothers, upon whose estate he had been born in 1483: November 10, just thirty-seven years and one month bfore he burnt the papal bull. He left Wittenberg January 23d, 1546, and said to his wife as he was leaving, that he "could lie down on his death-bed with joy if he could first see his dear Lords Mansfield reconciled."

These brothers had sent an urgent appeal for him to come and settle the difficulty, for

his was now regarded as the warmest heart and the clearest head in the land, and people in all kinds of trouble, whether of body, mind or soul, turned to him for relief. In due time he reached Eisleben and a few days later wrote his wife that his work had been accomplished and the difficulty adjusted. But he was not to look again upon the face of his beloved Catherine; for between the hours of two and three o'clock on the morning of Feb. 18th, the messenger came and bore away the spirit of the great reformer.

He who, sixty-three years before, lay there as a helpless babe, was now lying there in the same town, helpless in death and in the house opposite the church in which he had been baptised when an infant; and the little town whose inhabitants had so many years before listened to his sweet childish voice had, by this peculiar combination of circumstances, received him back unto herself in his dying hours. His work was done, but how great was that work! His life on earth was ended, but how full of moment had been that life, most of which had been spent in the little German town of Wittenberg.

Eisleben is distant from Wittenberg about fifty miles, but the Elector, John the Constant, at whose disposal the body was placed, decided that it should be buried in the Schloss Kirche of Wittenberg, where his voice had so often been heard in defence of the truth.

The Counts Mansfield accompanied the remains from Eisleben to their final resting place. Bells tolled in every village and town through which they passed; while magistrates, clergy and people of all classes, young and old, met them at the city gates, clad in mourning and singing funeral hymns. As they moved along the rough country roads men and women, and even children, came from farm homes, from forests and fields, and with aching hearts and weeping eyes joined the solemn cortege which proceeded to the church where his body was committed to the dust.

At Wittenberg the people gathered around the casket, and with choked and sobbing voices joined in singing one of Luther's own Hymns, —"I Journey Hence in Peace."

Thus it was that this silent, cold body of a once poor peasant, poor priest and poor, but

ever rich reformer, was borne through the Thuringian country, followed by Electors, Lords, Counts, Magistrates, Clergy and peasants, to find its last resting place in the Palace Church of Wittenberg. That body which had found no rest in life, now found it under the peaceful wing of death.

How different was Luther's work from that of Henry VIII. This great king of England passed away and his life stands a record of shame before the world. The darts he sent across the waters to Wittenberg, fell without effect on the reformer; and his action only revealed more clearly to coming ages the greatness of the humble monk in the principles he represented and the littleness of the great king, "The most invincible of England and Lord of Ireland."

The book of this mighty king which was presented to Leo X, with so much pride and received by Leo with so much ceremony, and on account of which the latter gave to Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith," is now known generally only in history; while the works of Luther, especially his wrenching the Bible from the dark corners of monasteries

and translating it into the language of the people, is living in all parts of Christendom to-day. The one was the work of man, accomplished solely for man's glory; the other was also the work of man, but it was led by the Spirit of God, for God's glory and the uplifting of mankind.

How different the death of Luther from that of his old enemy, Tetzel, who died in Leipzic July 14, 1519, it is said, of a broken heart, having been severely reprimanded and suspended by the papal ambassador, Karl Von Miltetz. The indulgences he so eagerly sold, though strong enough, according to his preaching, to cleanse from all past and future sins, were not strong enough to bind up his own broken and bleeding heart. But while he was dying, despised and neglected by the prelate and pope, surrounded only by a few idle priests who could give him no ray of light in the deep darkness that was overshadowing him, his eyes blinded as to the future, his lips uttering: "I see nothing but darkness," a letter was handed him that gave his wavering soul light and hope.

It was from Luther, and though those

around him were surprised that Tetzel's greatest enemy should thus insult his dying hour, Tetzel himself cried out: "Read! Read!" The letter was read to him; and in it Luther spoke only words of comfort, of pardon, and preached unto him the forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ, and Him alone; and that through Him also came the resurrection in hope. The letter gave light and comfort, and the former seller of indulgences, the blind papist, saw the Gospel as he had never seen it before, and cried out with his last sigh: "The night is gone; the morning breaks."

How different Luther's death from that of Leo X, who had hurled all the anathemas of the Roman church at the uncovered head of the poor Wittenberg monk! This pope reigned about nine years, then died suddenly, it is supposed by many, of poison, in 1522, without time to take the holy sacrament. As he was borne to his last resting place the people gathered around shouting: "Thou camest in like a fox, thou hast ruled like a lion, thou hast died like a dog." The one was like the triumphal march of a victor; the

INTERIOR OF PALACE CHURCH.
Graves of Luther and Melancthon, Right and Left of Foreground.

other was the slinking away of a dark and blackened character.

The world to-day bows in grateful recognition by the tomb of the humble reformer whose dust lies quietly in yonder church of Wittenberg, but his work still lives, and his words: "Here I stand, I can do no other, God help me," spoken in humility and yet with bravery before the diet of Worms, have sounded down the centuries and stimulated thousands of Christians to nobler aims and more heroic deeds than they would otherwise ever have experienced.

We left Wittenberg at noon, and with much regret turned away from the place fraught with so much interest to the great family of mankind. We passed through the Elster Thor, took a last look at the oak under which Luther burnt the papal bull, and were soon whirled away on the train, but we still thought of the town we were leaving far behind us, and believed that as long as there is a Wittenberg; "as long as man can struggle upward toward God;" as long as his heart can glow with holy indignation against wrong and persecution, as long as his soul can

swell in sympathy for the great and the good; as long as he can appreciate a good work done in his behalf; so long will man stand with uncovered heads by the tomb of Luther in the Palace Church in Wittenberg.

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